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## SITUATIONS WANTED

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**OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS** ADVERTISING PAGE 710.



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2545

OCTOBER 26, 1945



*Yvonne Gregory*

## MRS. MICHAEL RAWLENCE

Mrs. Rawlence, who is the wife of Captain Michael Rawlence, Irish Guards, was, before her marriage in May of this year, Miss Lorna Chapman, and is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chapman, at present in New York, formerly of Tokio. Captain Rawlence is the son of Captain G. N. Rawlence, M.C., and Mrs. Rawlence of Riversfield, Bemerton, near Salisbury

# COUNTRY LIFE

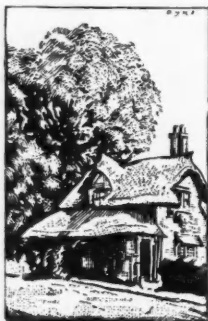
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## FOREST PROBLEMS

THE Ministry of Agriculture having recently taken over control of Forestry policy, an early duty of the new Minister will be to review the situation not only in the light of the Forestry Commission's Fifty-year Plan, but in that of the financial and trade situation which faces this country abroad. The Commissioners' proposals are necessarily "long term" in more senses than one; not only, that is, in the sense that their programme of afforesting 5,000,000 acres will not be completed for half a century but in the sense that it will be at least half that time before their earliest plantings begin to affect available home-grown supplies. Their plan, therefore, rests on the supposition that for many years to come it will be possible to import most of the timber that the country needs. If British fellings were to be continued at anything approaching the war-time rate with the idea of self-sufficiency, clearing would continually outstrip replanting, and the situation get progressively worse. Everybody knows that as the result of past neglect, and in spite of the efforts of the Commissioners, we were in little better position in 1939 than in 1914. About half a million acres were forested or replanted in the inter-war years as against 400,000 remaining derelict from 1918. Into our slender reserves—which we owe largely to the disinterested patriotism of earlier generations of landowners—war demands have eaten for six years, and we now have the Ministry of Supply's authority for the statement that of the whole of the timber standing in Great Britain at the outbreak of war (including amenity, shelter and hedgerow timber) about one-third of the hardwood and something approaching two-thirds of the soft wood has been felled.

The serious implications of this statement need no emphasis, and they are not made less menacing by necessary cuts in purchases abroad following the abrupt termination of Lease-Lend. Last year a remarkably optimistic report was published by the Timber Development Association combating the prevalent idea that timber would continue to be in short supply for years after the war. The demands of a post-war building programme of 4,000,000 houses were then estimated at an import of 800,000 standards of soft wood per annum compared with a pre-war import of 2,185,000 standards. The Association could see no decline of post-war production in the world's main timber-producing areas. Shall we, however, be able to afford in present circumstances the imports necessary both to supply our own reconstruction needs and to keep our timber industries in an efficient and flourishing condition? The alternative of continuing the inroads on our remaining home reserves—if they can still be called so—is unthinkable, for strategic if no other reasons. Supposing the import problem solved, however, so that the

Fifty-year Plan can be gone ahead with, there are several important questions of policy to which early answers are required. Does the present Government, for instance, propose to go on with the "Dedication" scheme which is the management device proposed by the Commissioners, under which woodland owners may continue—with Government assistance—to play their part in providing the nation with the timber supplies which she so sorely needs, or are private woodlands now to be "nationalised" and developed under the sole control of the Forestry Commissioners?

Immediate transference of complete control to the Commissioners would no doubt be impracticable, but it is as well we should be told so. War demands have shown not only the soundness of inter-war planting of conifers but the vital importance of our having—as thanks to the private owner we had—sound stocks of hardwoods to fall back upon. Discussions which have taken place between owners and Commissioners regarding the "Dedication" scheme have shown that the owners do not regard the present personnel of the Commission—or its present policy—as calculated to maintain hardwood forestry or enable it to produce the hardwoods needed. The inclusion of amenity, shelter or hedgerow timber in the total mentioned by the Ministry of Supply certainly means that the amount of this country's more purely commercial hardwoods which have been felled during the war greatly exceeds the one-third the Ministry gives as its figure. Is this deficiency likely to be made good under the control of a Commission which—though admittedly skilled in the raising of regimented conifer forests—has displayed little interest since its early days in the planting of hardwoods, and the personnel of which has little or no acquaintance with the complicated interplay of amenity, sport, and sound forestry involved?

## MARKET DAY

*I THOUGHT the low float driven by the lean-faced man was empty,  
And then, as it rattled by, I saw the calf  
Standing tiny and humble, making no fuss, but  
gently  
Enduring the rope, not knowing it's world by half.*

*The dark eyes were trustful, unsuspecting, a little forlorn  
Perhaps, but yet knowing nothing of actual fears,  
And oh, the littleness of it that touched the heart  
like a thorn,  
Changing the whole day into angry helpless tears.*

DOROTHY BERNARD.

## STATE HOUSING POLICY

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN'S policy to begin reconstruction with houses for the lowest income groups was to be expected. Whether it will work will depend on the local authorities, who are to carry the full responsibility, and the bricklayers themselves. So long as the latter restrict themselves to 300 bricks a day, any policy is certain to fail. In the past, local authorities have produced better architecture than private enterprise, but can they produce more? Last time, the private builder had to be called on to build more rapidly and economically than the authorities. The new powers for compulsory acquisition, with which Mr. Bevan made great play, are largely offset by the land already acquired or in course of acquisition for 1,200,000 houses. It is somewhat reassuring that the reconditioning of cottages is to be reconsidered later, but apparently Mr. Bevan is ready to recondition private houses to fit them for division into sub-let tenements. This prolonging of war-time conditions seems likely to be Mr. Bevan's immediate constructive contribution. Inevitably high subsidies will be needed to bring houses at their present cost within the means of their destined tenants. Meanwhile trade and industry and the higher income groups must be resigned to making do without mending.

## THE DISPOSSESSED FARMER

MR. TOM WILLIAMS, the Minister of Agriculture, has given an undertaking that a farmer who is faced with dispossession

on grounds of bad husbandry will have the right to appeal to a tribunal. There are to be seven or eight tribunals established regionally, so that presumably the farmer will come before men who know something of local conditions. Past cases will not be reviewed. About 2,400 farmers in England and Wales have had to leave their farms and homes in the war years, and another 1,000 farmers have had to give up land which was not being farmed properly. This is only about 1 per cent. of the total number of farmers. The Minister's decision to establish appeal tribunals now after the war is over must mean that the Government intend to continue using drastic powers to acquire the proper use of land for food production, at any rate during the years covered by the Bill that has just been going through Parliament and probably as a lasting feature in agricultural policy. The decision has been welcomed generally. It will not worry the War Agricultural Committee, who have the unenviable job of recommending the Minister to dispossess unsatisfactory farmers. The final decision has always rested with the Minister, who has acted on the advice of the Ministry's Land Commission. By no means all the cases put forward by Committees have resulted in eviction. Some Committees have been much more ruthless than others. There should now be more uniformity in the administration of these powers and many fewer cases, as almost all the unsatisfactory farmers must have gone by now. Some have mended their ways and can now qualify for reinstatement. It should be the policy of Committees to unload as much land as possible without prejudicing food production. No one wants to see farming on Government account continuing indefinitely.

## HOPE DEFERRED

IT is a well-established principle that we cannot have it both ways. If we want our men from the Services to be quickly demobilised then Sir Stafford Cripps tells us that we must go shabby ourselves for yet another year, so great is the number of demobilisation suits required. In point of shabbiness we have long since got our second wind, and as long as our clothes do not positively resolve into their elements we are reasonably content to go on as we are. We certainly do not grudge the returning warrior his brand new outfit, but it is undeniable that now and again as we look at him we feel a spasm of envy. Some hold that the hat provided is not quite worthy of the *tout ensemble* and there are exquisites who denigrate the ties, even though Mr. Priestley has described them as "classy"; but nobody can have a word to say against the suits, which are models of elegance, or the grey flannel trousers with their lovely crease. In fact the demobilised hero is almost as clearly to be distinguished from those who had to stay at home as if he was still in uniform. Meanwhile if we save up our coupons and our tailor has a few months to spare, the happy day may come when we shall once more be tolerably respectable and "walk erect before our fellow-men."

## THE VANISHING LION

THERE is an eternal fascination in the stories that end with the words "and he was never seen again." Many learned disquisitions have been written on the strange case of Mr. Bathurst, who in Napoleonic times was seen by the heads of the horses of a chaise outside a posting house in Germany and vanished from that day forwards. The disappearance of the crew of the *Marie Celeste* remains a delicious mystery despite numberless explanations. But surely all these stories must pale before that which has lately astonished us, of a circus wagon, complete with lion and several monkeys, which has disappeared into thin air. One moment it was on the Great North Road in Yorkshire and the next it was not, "translated unaware." It may be that there is a prosaic ending which we have not been told, but those who "cultivate the mysterious and the sublime" will not easily be fobbed off by any tale that the wagon merely stopped for a drink and lost its way. It has been suggested that there is a black market in lions, but a lion cannot be an easy thing to keep dark.

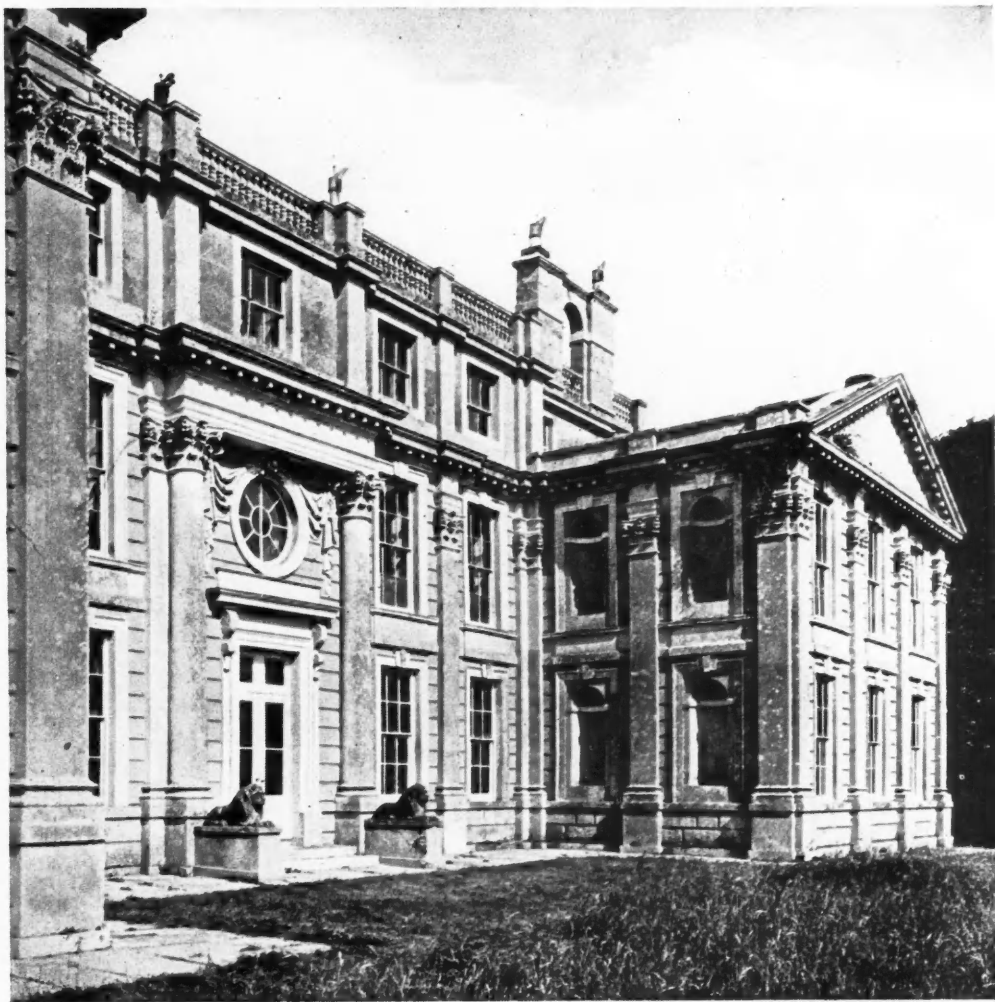


## APPULDURCOMBE, ISLE OF WIGHT

The reported sale of the Appuldurcombe estate near Ventnor brings into question the future of the magnificent Queen Anne house. It was built about 1710 by Sir Robert Worsley, but the name of the architect is not known. Since 1909 it has been empty apart from war-time occupation. The east front, illustrated here, is generally regarded as one of the most beautiful buildings of the eighteenth century.

The effect of the unusual design is enhanced by the colours of the weathered masonry, ranging from silvery white through pale mauves and purples to vivid orange lichens. The destiny of the property, which includes a noble "Capability" Brown park, is not known but can scarcely be other than some form of development in which the house is likely to be pulled down.

Existing conditions as a whole make proposals for in some way preserving such a building idealistic. Yet demolition would destroy a great and beautiful work of architecture. If this is to be its fate it ought to be taken down stone by stone and the materials be shipped (the sea is only 3 miles distant) for re-erection where a noble building is needed in a war-damaged city. Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth or London could provide suitable sites and uses. The stone being ready dressed, the costs of the operation would not compare unfavourably with those of new Portland stonework.



## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE spell of warm sunny weather we experienced at the latter end of September and beginning of October, which is known as the Indian Summer, or, alternatively, as those of St. Augustin and St. Luke, is an irregular feature of our climate to which, I feel, we are entitled, but which we seldom enjoy. As I keep no records of weather I am unable to say how often this materialises, but I should say once in eight years at most. I have a recollection going back to the 'nineties of hay-making, a quite excellent second crop of hay, in the second week of October, and a more vivid one in 1921 of hurriedly packing to return to Egypt, on account of political disturbances, in a temperature suggestive of the tropics. As my annual leave had been curtailed, and I was in consequence returning in time for the last heat wave of the Egyptian Autumn, this was the one occasion when I did not appreciate the Indian Summer as one should.

A WARM, dry spell of weather in Autumn is probably far more valuable to farmers and their stock, and in fact to every living thing, than is similar weather at any other time of the year, for it enables those badly delayed corn crops to be saved in fair condition, which otherwise would have been wasted, it provides the most excellent conditions for potato raising and it stimulates some late grazing for dairy herds, fattening stock and sheep. The ordinary human being also, who has not got to worry about crops and stock, obtains the satisfactory feeling that a whole month has been struck off our interminably long Winter, which seems intolerably lengthy when drenching cold rains start early in September, and carry on until the first frosts of November. I suppose the community which obtains the greatest benefit from the Indian Summer is that to which the useful and the decorative insects belong, and one

realises its value to these winged creatures when one looks into a clump of Michaelmas daisies. The Michaelmas daisy, particularly the strong-blossoming dwarf variety, is especially attractive to bees; or is it so popular because it is practically the only flower, wild or cultivated, which is in bloom everywhere at this time of the year?

SOME clumps of these flowers in the sunnier parts of the garden are alive with insects, and there are frequently members of three varieties sitting in perfect harmony on one table. Honey bees predominate: fat Czecho-Slovaks, slimmer Italians and the dark old English, setting an example as to how a "Big Three" Conference should conduct itself and get on with the good work without dissension. Another big and busy community are the fat jolly bumbles, and in the interest of the proper germination of our fruit and vegetables next Spring it is to be hoped that they will succeed in building up their constitutions to withstand the Winter hibernation successfully. Among the feasters are innumerable drones apparently quite cheerful, and oblivious of the fact that they have been "demobbed" and evicted from the hives as being of no further value to the family, and that certain death awaits them with the first frost.

OF the decorative insects there are many; the small tortoiseshells wearing their wonderful filigree pattern of black, white and pale yellow on a background of rich gold brown. This is one of the commonest of our butterflies and we can all recognise the insect at a glance,

but I wonder how many people remember the colours which go to make up the pattern on the wings. I confess I had to go down to the garden and have a good look at one before I could enumerate the shades. In smaller numbers are the painted ladies in much the same colour scheme as the tortoiseshell, but in paler shades; and, predominating over all, my old friend, the red admiral, spick and span in his glossy black, white and red Autumn suiting, and constituting a happy memory of the last days of the 1945 garden.

I have only one complaint to make, and this, as a butterfly observer, is also a shame-faced confession; although I have lived in a white admiral country for some time I have never yet seen—except in a glass case—this insect, which, I am told, is becoming more common every year.

THE paper situation is one that I do not pretend to understand as, although the shortage is still such that books and journals are printed in the most limited editions, our various officials seem to have far more than they know what to do with. At the mere mention of a desire to repair some bomb damage in a house I came away from the local office with an armful of paper almost sufficient for a limited *de luxe* edition, but on the other hand I have only just managed to obtain on loan from a friend a book which I put on my library list a year ago and tried to buy without success when the library did not respond. I expect most COUNTRY LIFE readers, being more efficient than I am, have already obtained it, but for the benefit of those who have not I would call their attention to *The Twelfth* by J. K. Stanford. This, as its name suggests, deals with grouse shooting, and the hero is a retired colonel of the old school who lived for shooting, and nothing else. At the mere sight of a fox on his pheasant and

partridge shoot in Cambridgeshire he would "put down strychnine all over the estate as if it were chemical manure." For his sins he passed out one day at the Qu'Hais' club in St. James's, and reappeared as an old cock grouse on the moor of one of his enemies. Here, as he knew quite as much about the system of drives and position of the butts as the head-keeper, the bags obtained on the opening days of a bumper year were very similar to those obtained in this season of 1945, and I cannot think of a more effective simile. To those in need of a laugh, and to those vindictive people who would like to get square with the "switch on the wireless" members of the family (and there is nothing so irritating in the fireside circle as the constantly chuckling reader of a humorous book) I recommend *The Twelfth*.

I MAY mention that the armful of paper forms which I took away from the local office to enable me to repair some bomb damage will probably be wasted. As I was putting some commas into the Note there were two shattering detonations well up to 1940 standard, and a large piece of ceiling fell on my head: a gentle reminder from the Royal Air Force that they

were still holding out on the local bombing range. One way and another it does not seem worth while carrying out repairs of bomb damage until one knows definitely how much the house has sustained, as with constant explosions the tiny crack of yesterday is a fissure to-day, and may be a wing down to-morrow.

IN connection with the lamentable shortage of grouse this year, when I believe the best moor in the world yielded but 43 brace, a generous moor-owner sent away to friends several brace from his very small bag, and not one of the consignments arrived at its destination. As I happen to be one of the grouseless beneficiaries (I am not certain that this is a happy adjective to use in this connection) I record the disaster with some feeling, and, with petty theft in transit the rule rather than the exception, I am wondering if the railway companies will be able to pay a dividend to the ordinary, and possibly also the preferred, stockholders if they are paying full compensation for all losses. I believe the last hanging for petty theft occurred in 1829, and I am beginning to feel that it is high time the penalty was revived.

THERE are three sights I would like to see before we escape from war conditions, and the special austere variety pertaining to the post-war period. The sights in question are most improbable and unlikely to occur, but I have the feeling that time is on my side and that the unexpected may happen. One of these is the local Food Officer on a Monday afternoon making a special cycle trip into the town, against a gale of wind and in a storm of rain, to buy his orange ration which he has just released from control. Another is the Food Controller standing at the end of a 100-yard queue in the same storm of rain, and a close-later of this official seeing the last portion of turbot go to the customer immediately in front of him, and leaving him the choice of a slab of Iceland cod or a wad of Newfoundland salted shark—and if it is not shark, what is it?

The third sight is so impossible and sounds so silly I really entertain no hopes of witnessing it. It is of the Regional Petrol Officer stranded 50 miles from home with an empty petrol tank and not one petrol coupon in his pocket-book, and arguing unsuccessfully with a sceptical and official-scarified garage owner as to his identity.

## THE MUTE SWAN AS MATE AND PARENT

Written and Illustrated by  
FRANCES PITT

THERE are few birds more widely known and admired than the common or mute swan. It is true that the earnest ornithologist is apt to sniff at it as a semi-domesticated species, and that the tribe of anglers dislike its activities, declaring that it tears up water weeds and thereby destroys fish ova and even fry. But such folk are the exceptions. The swan has a host of admirers—I almost wrote lovers—who dote on its snowy plumage, the graceful bend of its supple neck, the magnificence of its arched wings and the smart orange bill, with black knob above, that sets off the whole.

Most beautiful perhaps is the sight of which Wordsworth wrote:

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!

It seems that, with the possible exception of the robin, the swan is our most popular bird. This is no recent development, for this fine member of the brigade of water fowl has long found favour in the British Isles.

Whether the mute swan occurred on our lakes and rivers in early times as a truly wild bird is uncertain, though it is known as a wild species in some of



THE  
MAGNIFICENT  
COB



THE MALE SWAN KEPT MOST CAREFUL WATCH AND WARD OVER HIS WIFE AND CYGNETS

the northern parts of the Continent of Europe. We cannot even be sure when it first came or was brought to Britain, but it had become widespread by the Middle Ages and was regarded as a bird of great importance. This importance, however, was not solely æsthetic but was partly culinary, for in those days a well-fed cygnet was thoroughly appreciated. It is curious how fashion changes in such matters, for nowadays who would slay and cook a young swan? Perhaps ways and means have something to do with it; the oven of a modern range or electric cooker has not the same accommodation for a large bird as an old-fashioned range or the open fire with a revolving spit.

The use of the term cygnet for a young swan prompts me to say that the male swan was formerly known as the cob and his mate as the pen. Dame Juliana Berners in her *Boke of St. Albans* (1486) gives these words, also heard as the collective term, incidentally supplying evidence that the swan was already a familiar bird when she wrote her celebrated work.

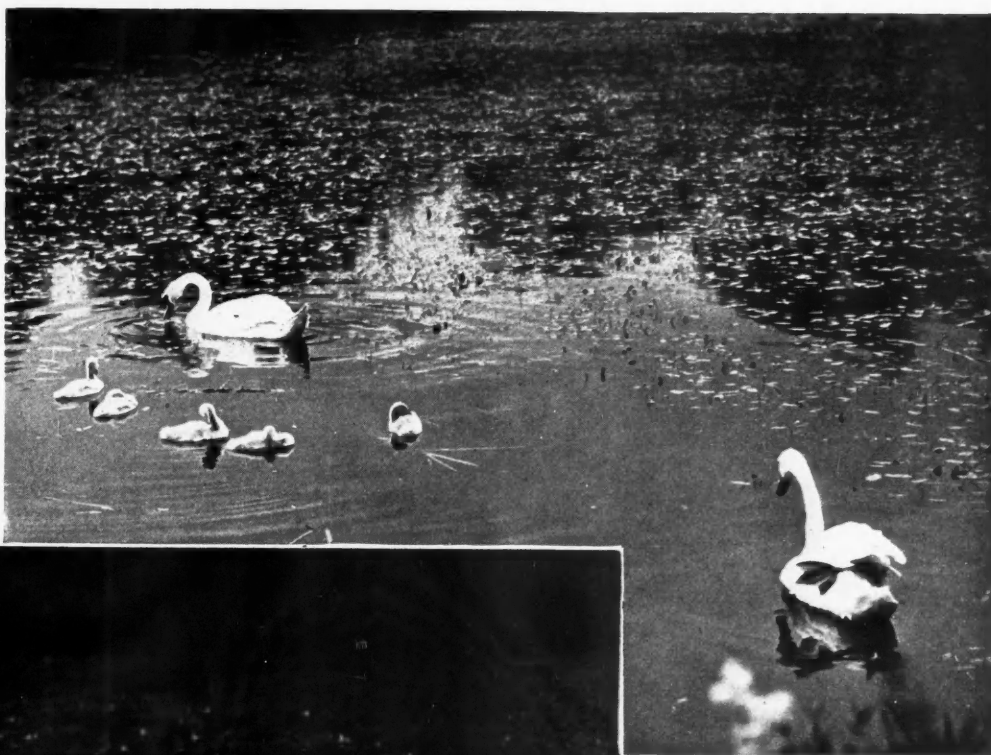
By the time of Queen Elizabeth the swan was regarded as a semi-royal



creature and was protected by an Act of Parliament which still holds force. To this day all unmarked mute swans are deemed to be the property of the Crown, and that whether they swim on the rushy reaches of the Thames or on the wind-swept waters of an Orkney loch. The person who in any way interferes with an unmarked swan does so at his peril, though there does not seem much likelihood of the King's claiming his many birds.

In days of old the Crown granted licences to favoured subjects or bodies of subjects, such as the London corporations, permitting them to keep swans and assigning swan-marks. Hundreds of swan-marks are on record, consisting of notches along the edge of the beak, brands on the upper mandible, holes punched in the web of the foot, etc.

The royal swan-master and his staff enforced the regulations and



TWO FAMILY PARTIES. THE SWAN ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE ABOVE IS STRETCHING OUT A FOOT



superintended swan matters. The annual collection of cygnets, or swan-upping, and the marking of the young birds, was a great affair, but it gradually died out, until only the companies of Dyers and Vintners maintained the old custom and with appropriate ceremony made an annual collection of their swans on the Thames. It is to be hoped, now that the war is over, that this picturesque affair will be continued to remind us of the spacious pageantry of days that are gone.

As hinted earlier, there are few birds more fitted to be the centre of stately ceremony, for the swan is the personification of bird magnificence. An old cob, angry at an intruder on his privacy, bearing down on the spectator with wings arched in full display, is truly a noble sight. By the way, this form of intimidatory showing-off is peculiar to the mute swan, at any rate so far as the white swans of the northern hemisphere are concerned. It is true that the Australian black swan, with its curiously crimped sooty-hued feathers, lifts its wings in somewhat similar style, but the wild swans of this side of the globe, the whooper, Bewick's and the North American trumpeter, for example, never show aggressive feelings in this manner, but keep their white wings laid smoothly to their sides.

Further noticeable differences between the mute swan and the wild swans we are likely to see on British waters are first the upright carriage of the neck, which is held comparatively straight, in both the whooper and Bewick's swans, and second the absence of a knob on the beak in the latter species. Both those truly wild swans are also talkative birds, the whooper being particularly vocal when on

the wing, uttering loud hound-like cries, whereas the mute swan has little to say; nevertheless its name is a misnomer, for it is not mute. It can utter a variety of sounds, including grunts and explosive hisses, especially the old cob when he feels annoyed.

It is said that an enraged swan can break a man's leg with a blow from his wing. This may be an exaggeration, but I do know that an angry gander can hit so hard as to raise black and blue bruises, and I always treat a swan, which is a good deal bigger, heavier and stronger, with civility and respect.

The old gentleman who figures in the accompanying photographs was, like most male swans, a perfect mate and devoted father, keeping most careful guard over his wife and cygnets. When he saw me bringing a camera to bear on the family, he arched his wings until he looked like a wind-jammer under full sail, and bore down upon me. Perhaps he was really more concerned to find out if I had brought some food for his lady and children, but he approached so close and looked so threatening that I stepped back. He waddled ashore after me, and again I retreated; he followed me, and the ridiculous sight was witnessed of the photographer being chased off by an apparently irate swan.

But my suspicion that the old man's attitude was largely make-believe was confirmed when I found a little food in my pocket and threw a handful of it into the shallow water. He immediately turned his back on me, waddled back to the pond and joined his family in dibbling in the mud for what I had thrown them.

As I have said, the cob is a wonderful mate and parent. Swans pair for life and are most

faithful and attached. Even species in which monogamy is the rule, such as the hawks, occasionally lapse from grace—for instance a Montagu's harrier has been known to commit bigamy—but I have never met with a case or heard of a swan running two establishments—I suspect wife number one wouldn't have it! She is a jealous lady, who has little toleration for other water-fowl on her breeding pool, and another female swan would be trying to her patience. Yet under controlled conditions, such as those at the celebrated Abbotsbury swannery, swans make their nests "cheek by jowl" and manage to rear their young without undue quarrelling. Perhaps the very pressure of numbers compels the sinking of jealous differences. However, when and where swans can please themselves, each couple chooses a place of its own, the pair doing their best to keep this territory to themselves and free from other swans. A great pile of reeds, rushes, grass and such material is piled up into a huge nest on which the pen broods her clutch like a queen enthroned.

The number of eggs varies from four upwards, as many as eleven and twelve having been recorded, but half-a-dozen represents a normal laying. These eggs take five weeks to hatch, entailing a long vigil for the pen, but she gets occasional relief from her mate, though he does not seem to think much of such work, preferring to swim up and down on vigilant patrol while she does the brooding.

His "watch and ward" is no idle one; let man, woman or dog appear and he flaps across the water to meet them with heavy beats of his great wings and a quite terrifying commotion. In days long gone my grandmother had a couple of swans that lived on the pond in the garden of her house. She was very fond of them, but in the Spring they grew quite ferocious, and whenever she went out in her carriage, an old-fashioned pair-horse brougham, they came flapping down the pond, frightening the horses and the coachman so much that the man went "on strike." He said the birds were dangerous, that they would cause the horses to shy and turn the

carriage over, and so the swans had to be sent away.

However beautiful the adult swan may be as it sails on still waters with its stately form reflected below it, it is nothing to the charm of the little grey cygnets. Much of the popularity of the swan is personal to the adult bird, but still more is attributable to the youngster, for that ball of pearly-grey down, floating beside its parent like a little ship beside a big one, is truly adorable.

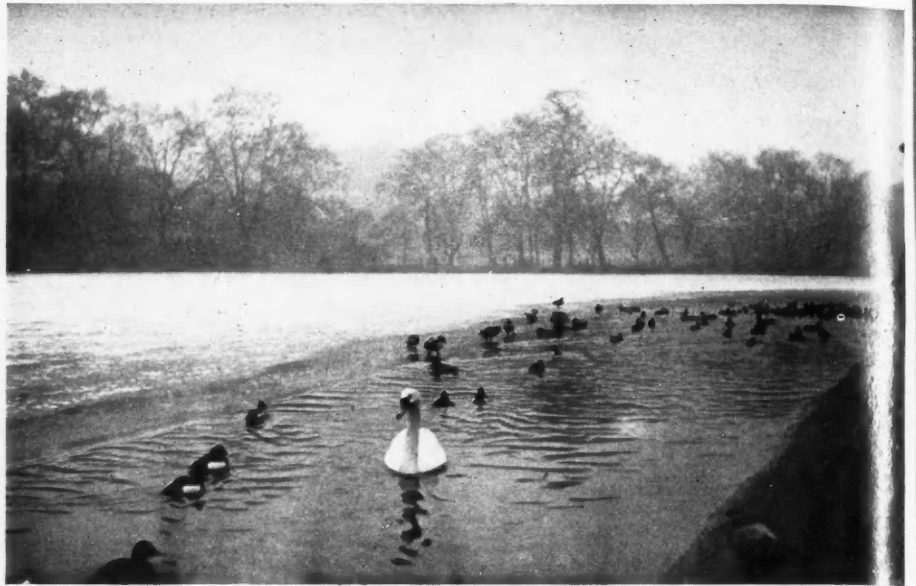
Shakespeare knew all about that with his swan-graced Avon:—

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

And what careful parents are the old swans, how anxiously do they convoy their brood out on to the water and then, lest they get too tired, back again to rest a while on the nest.

The annual story of a pair of swans well known to me is rather interesting. Their home is on a secluded pool that lies among green fields and is shaded by overhanging trees. They turn up here in the early Spring, and either add to their old nest or pile up a new one. In due course an adorable family appears and for several weeks the parents and young ones lead a happy life on the pond, but eventually the old birds get restless. It is not a matter of food, because there is plenty of natural food and they receive regular contributions from the people nearby. No; it seems to be just a desire for a change of air. Anyhow, off they waddle, papa and children walking along a dusty cart-road and across a wide stretch of cultivated ground to a

(Right) RARE NORTH AMERICAN TRUMPETER SWAN, WHICH DOES NOT COMPARE FOR BEAUTY WITH THE MUTE SWAN



MUTE SWAN IN A WINTER SCENE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK



bigger sheet of water that almost merits the name of a lake. Here they tarry for some time, but travel fever again makes itself felt and off they trek once more. The cygnets are now big youngsters, though not yet able to fly, so the party waddles across the fields, over a main road, across more fields, to a small river, where they stay for the greater part of the Winter. The young swans are now fine birds, able to fly strongly, but still wearing the drab plumage of immaturity; however, the cob and

pen no longer exhibit the same devotion to them as they did when they were small; indeed, a jealous spirit animates their behaviour and they give their offspring plain hints to be off into the world. Early Spring finds the old birds returning to the home pond, while the loud eerie whistling of great wings clearing the air tells of the juveniles off to join the bachelor and spinster club on the big river that flows a mile or two away.

Here the swans of the previous year and others as yet unencumbered with family concerns enjoy themselves in a sociable herd, up-ending and standing on their heads like enormous ducks as they seek the water-weeds which they prefer to any other food. They help to keep the weeds down, even if they do destroy some fish ova in the process, while they add so much to the interest and beauty of the river scene, for the swan, young or old, is ever a thing of beauty—it certainly deserves to be one of Britain's most popular birds.



THE FAMILY TAKEN HOME FOR A REST



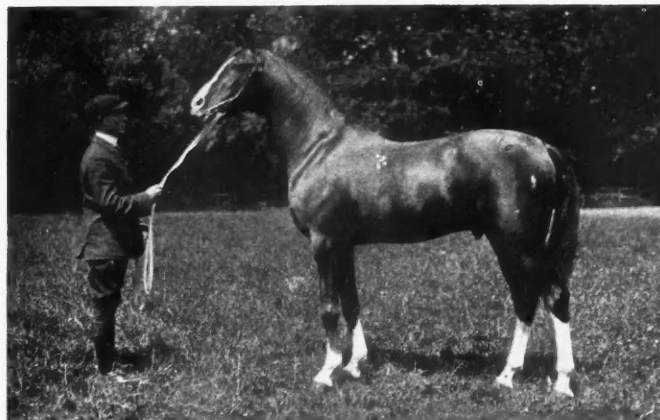
# SOME HORSE FACTS AND FALLACIES

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

**T**HE more one thinks of what is required of the ideal horse the more indisputably the truth stands out that "handsome is as handsome does." No one would decry the efforts of those who strive to produce the loveliest horses—and perhaps the horse is the most beautiful of all animals—but when it comes to perfect conformation this, undoubtedly, does not guarantee performance of dazzling merit—and perhaps it is as well.

It is unthinkable that in a show class of, say, hunters and hacks, first place should be given to a horse long in the back, over at the knees, or having a slack neck or one really plain about the head. If we judges started to do that sort of thing we should soon be sitting round the ring rather than standing in its centre. And yet we know that with these lovely horses beauty is very often only skin deep and no great merit may lie beyond its loveliness. This is particularly so in the case of the show hunter which, perhaps, never has been asked to jump anything worthy of the name nor has ever been out with hounds.

Take first the case of the long-backed horse. We all know that the first remark of anyone who fancies himself as a judge of a horse is about the length of a horse's back, extolling the short and decrying the long, and yet it has been said (without strict regard to the truth, by the way) that the Grand National has never been won by a short-backed horse. That it has been won by some with very long backs is certainly true and as a reminder of this let me mention Jerry M. the winner in 1912 and, in 1905, Kirkland. Of Derby winners Diamond Jubilee (1900) was a long-backed horse and so too was the 1928 winner Felstead. Among



**BOSHAM.** The Arab Bosham, despite his four white legs, had, like all of his breed, great stamina—a beautiful and typical Arab

In the old days the Fell pony used to carry 16 stone of lead and do 240 miles in the week—and do it year in and year out. He stands 14 or under, and while we are talking of endurance and stamina what about the Arab of an average height of say 14.2? He has won most of the endurance tests in many parts of the world and in this country carried 13 stone for sixty miles a day for five days in such tests. These tests were held for several years.

With many there is a prejudice against the white-footed horse and these old and much-quoted lines seem to suggest that there is no doubt about the disadvantage of such colour, for we are not only warned but advised:

One white foot, buy a horse,  
Two white feet, try a horse,  
Three white feet, look well about him,  
Four white feet, do without him.

Is there, I wonder, any truth in this whatever? I should find it impossible to say that, from personal experience with the many horses I have known, any horse was the worse for having one, two, three or four white feet and I doubt if anyone could contradict this with truth. I am sure just as many unsound horses have no white on their legs. I call to mind the Arab stallion Bosham which belonged to the late Major-General W. Smythe, V.C. The horse, which, by the way, was perhaps a perfect Arabian, stood 14.2, yet, in spite of his four white legs, he galloped 50 miles in an afternoon carrying despatches for Lord Kitchener in the Omdurman campaign. He was none the worse and lived to an old age. The Clydesdale horse claims to have fetched the highest price of any of the heavy breeds. The outstanding characteristic of the breed is the white of its legs often running up above the knee. Their breed book is before me containing 104 photographs of horses, of which 97 have three or four white legs—one only is whole coloured. Not all these horses can be bad-legged and lacking in stamina!

Turn over the pages of magazines and albums and find the white legs or feet among the famous—and just to quote a few I will recall such names as Mahmoud (record time for the Derby), Hyperion, Flying Childers, Tetratema, Bend Or, the Darley Arabian, Pretty Polly, Captain Cuttle, Fair Trial—and one could indeed extend the list indefinitely.



**WINALOT.** The all-forlorn but prophetically named Winalot. His lop ears, though a great disfigurement, did not prevent him from being a great race-horse

the winners of both these classic races there can be found many very plain horses, and horses of indifferent conformation.

What horse is more forlorn-looking than one having lop ears and standing over at the knees? Could a judge consider such a horse with the slightest favour in the show ring? And yet, as most horsemen will admit, the lop-eared horse is nearly always a good horse—and in this I am a firm believer. It is not surprising, therefore, to find many who have made their names on race-courses such as Winalot, by Son-in-Law, which was a great stayer, a sire of stayers and a winner of many races.

A horse standing over at the knees is an almost pathetic sight, so clearly indicating, apparently, extreme weakness where strength is so vitally needed in a race-horse. To shatter such an illusion completely, let me produce two horses of world renown, St. Simon, one of the greatest sires of all time, and Brown Jack, the most popular and best-loved horse of the last half-century, the winner of twenty-five races and six times winner of the longest distance race in this country, the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot.

Big heads and plain heads do not impress judges and rightly so, yet such are found in great numbers among our best race-horses.

Perhaps the greatest misconception in the horse-world is to be found in regard to the weight-carrying capabilities of horses and ponies. There comes the time when the anxious parent is in search of another pony as the child has outgrown its pony. Has he? I often wonder.

Polo used to be played by men of all sizes on 13.2 ponies and polo exerts about as much strain as any pony is called upon to cope with. The number of children who think they have grown out of their 13.2 ponies is legion. They may look as if they have, and think they have, but they haven't, so far as weight is concerned.

Cowboys with their great saddles weigh goodness knows what, and as a rule they are heavy men, and yet they ride ponies about 14.2 and they cover great distances daily. An Exmoor farmer will follow the Devon and Somerset Staghounds on a 13.2 pony and be well up with hounds, and there is no faster hunting in the world nor any distances greater.



W. A. Rouch

**ST. SIMON.** One of the greatest sires of all time, St. Simon has had a profound influence on modern racing stock. Note the apparently weak knees

# THE COUNTRY BOAT-BUILDER

Written and Illustrated by NORMAN WYMER



THE START AND  
FINISH OF BOAT-  
BUILDING.

MOULDS BEING  
SET UP ON A  
KEEL AND A  
BOAT NEARING  
COMPLETION

**E**VEN in these days of metal, prefabrication and mass-production, the country boat-builder is still to be found making boats by hand, displaying all the skill of his ancestors who built the "wooden walls of England" in Elizabeth's time. Indeed, in his way, he played as important a part in the war against Germany as did his Tudor forbears in the struggles against the Spaniards.

He works, for the most part, in small rural timber yards. Sometimes his shed is only just large enough to take one boat at a time; at others the workshop may be rather larger, thus enabling little groups of craftsmen to work together in colonies. But, whatever the setting, these old-time boat-builders were busier during the war than they have been for decades, making lifeboats and all kinds of vessels for the fishing fleets and for individual fishermen.

English oak, larch and mahogany form the

boat-builder's principal timbers. The oak he uses for his keel and keelson; the larch and mahogany he sets aside for the planking, timbers, stringers, benches and so on. Douglas fir is his choice for the masts, and, where possible, he likes to leave all his timber to season for anything up to five years. But this has not always been possible in war-time when the cry has been for boats, boats, and yet more boats.

Naturally, the craftsman's first task is to make his keel, for this is the backbone of his boat. He makes this in sections. After sawing one long beam to run the length of the bottom of the boat, he cuts out the stem to a rounded shape, the "apron" and the "dead-wood," and bolts all these securely together to the beam to form the fore-end of the keel. This done, he moves along to the other end where he cuts out the stern-post in the form of a straight timber, and another dead-wood, which he also bolts to the beam to form the stern, and so complete the keel.

Now he proceeds to trim up the whole keel by hand before setting it upright in his building bay. With the backbone complete, the craftsman is ready to proceed with the building of the boat, but first he must make a temporary framework to allow him to fix the planking at the correct angles. For this he uses a special set of "mouldings," which he attaches to the keel at right angles in such a way that the mouldings stretch right across the width of the boat, from base to top. These mouldings—all of varying sizes and carefully cut to shape—are evenly spaced throughout the length of the boat to form a barrier on each side such as will prevent the planks—forming the sides of the boat—from pushing too much inwards when their ends are being fastened to the stem and stern and before the inside "timbers"—which will eventually hold them in place—can be fixed.

The keel and temporary framework in position, the craftsman sets to work cutting out planks, rabbeting the top outside edge of each plank to allow for the overlap of the one that will go immediately above it. He will also rabbet each end on the inside to enable a neat fixing to be made to the stem and stern.

But the shape of the boat calls for many twists and bends in the planks—especially near the bottom—and the craftsman has first to steam his wood before ever he can hope to

obtain such angles. If he were to attempt to do this work with his timber cold it would split, and probably even break on occasion. And, of course, even the smallest split must be avoided if a boat is to withstand the ravages of sea, storm and gale for, perhaps, thirty years.

All kinds of apparatus are used for this steaming process. One little colony of craftsmen I saw at work recently steamed theirs in a kind of wooden box—many feet long—and obtained their power from an engine which, I was told, had been used to drive a threshing machine on a farm some forty years ago.

The laying of the first few planks is the most complicated part of all, for the twists and back-twists here are many. The bottom of the first plank on either side has to be riveted with copper nails both to the edge of the keel and to the stem and stern. The second plank is set

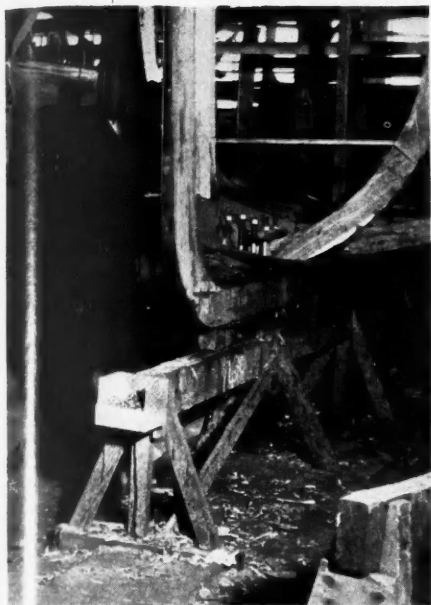


AN OLD THRESHING-MACHINE  
ENGINE GENERATES POWER  
FOR STEAMING TIMBER



A SIDE PLANK BEING REMOVED  
FROM THE LONG WOODEN  
STEAMING-BOX

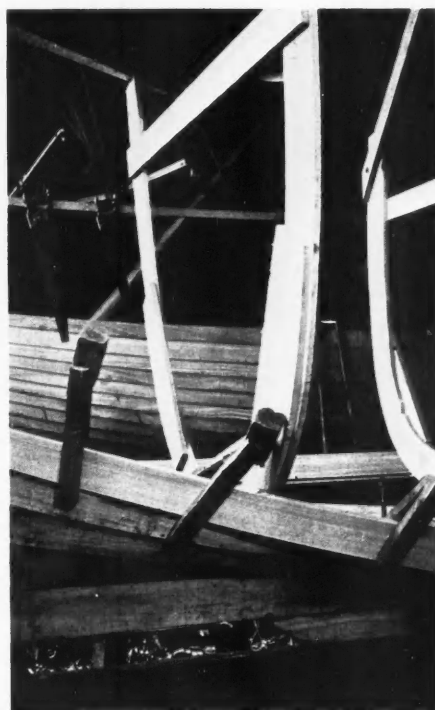




RIVETING A SIDE PLANK

(Left) BOLTS THROUGH THE KEEL TO TAKE THE KEELSON AFTER PLANKING AND TIMBERING

(Right) A SIDE PLANK GRIPPED BY WOODEN "GRIPES" BEFORE FIXING



SETTING A TIMBER IN POSITION AFTER IT HAS BEEN STEAMED INTO A PLASTIC CONDITION

to overlap the first and is riveted both to this and to each end. And so on, right up the sides of the boat, but the angle at which each plank is set is always slightly different from the ones immediately above and below it. And yet every single plank—throughout its entire length—must fit perfectly over the one below, or the boat will not be watertight.

When at last the planks have been fastened into position, the craftsman removes his temporary moulds and cuts his timbers—the permanent cross struts which will take the place of the moulds and which will be fastened across the boat at intervals of a few inches throughout the length.

Here, too, the timbers must be steamed, and it is an interesting fact that, rather than shape them in the first place, the craftsman prefers to mould them to the inside of the boat as he goes along, rather as if he was working some plastic material like clay or putty. And, indeed, the timbers really do become almost as plastic before he will consider them ready for use. Then, with the aid of another man, he takes one timber at a time, lays it across the top of the boat, and the two of them proceed—very slowly and gently—to force the timber downwards into position. When he is certain he has moulded it to as firm a fit as possible, the second man jumps out of the boat and sets to work driving copper nails from the outside right through both planks and timber, while the first man holds the

timber in position with a special tool. Later those nails will be riveted, and one craftsman told me that he reckoned that in a thirty-foot lifeboat, such as he was building, there must be some 5,000 rivets.

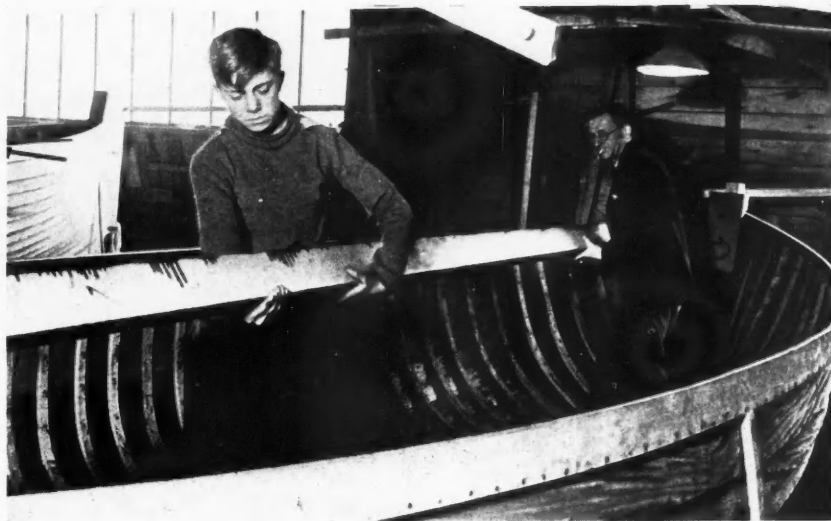
But, though he has taken the precaution of painting all joints and "seams" with white lead paint to render them weather-proof, the

boat-builder is not content to let it go at that, and so he proceeds to "caulk" the seams. Starting from the top of the stem, he sets to work—with the aid of a hammer and a special kind of chisel—to force four strands of a special cotton into the seams. He does this right down the keel, passing along from the top of the stem to the bottom, all along the base of the boat, and so up to the top of the stern. Then he repeats the performance on the other side.

The main body of the boat is now complete, but the craftsman still has much to do. He has to cut the keelson—a kind of second keel which he bolts securely over the top of the timbers to the keel below—and to cut and fasten the three stringers—the "bilge," "rising" and "gunwale" stringers—which he must attach all round the inside of the boat to give added strength and provide supports for the interior fittings.

Then, when he has made and fixed the side- and cross-seats and lockers, and installed the special copper tanks, stuffed with kapok, to give the boat buoyancy, all that remains is to fashion the mast (the sails he will obtain from a sailmaker), fix the irons to carry the canvas canopy, let in the food and water tanks and paint the whole boat. When he has finished, he will have built a craft weighing nearly 3½ tons and capable of carrying as many as 60 men—a boat that, given reasonable seas and good treatment, will last several decades.

Many and varied are the vessels he makes, but, though the methods vary with the styles, the basic principles remain the same—at least where the country boat-builder is concerned.



(Right) PUTTING THE KEELSON IN POSITION



1.—CHAPEL POINT: THE ENTRANCE COURT FROM THE WEST

## HOUSES AT CHAPEL POINT, MEVAGISSEY, CORNWALL—II

DESIGNED AND BUILT BY MR. JOHN A. CAMPBELL

*Two of the three houses built 1934-9, by Mr. John Campbell to discover whether building in traditional materials by direct labour is economic. He has proved that it is, and how attractive seaside buildings in Cornwall can be*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

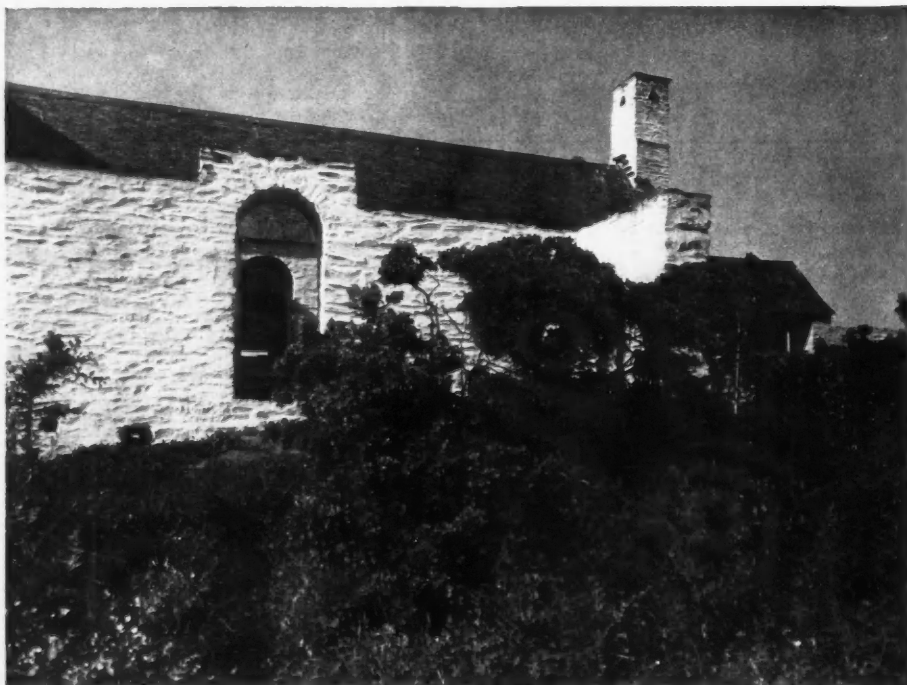
THE admission that prefabricated houses are not so economical as was expected makes the experiments of Mr. John Campbell in Cornwall the more interesting. Living on the site and with the help of a skilled mason and carpenter, he has shown that, for simple housing, stone walls and good joinery are not luxuries or sentimentalities but can

compete economically with other methods. It is a matter of organisation and, of course, of low overhead costs. I am not at liberty to reveal the actual working costs, but Mr. Campbell has given them to me in confidence, and I can say that I was astonished how low they were. Point Head Cottage (Figs. 7 and 8), which contains a living-room, kitchen-dining-room, three bed-

rooms, bath, and unusually ample offices, came to no more than the actual cost at present values of an ordinary builder's house of similar accommodation in the home counties. That is to say that the additional satisfactions of individuality, sound handcraft, æsthetic beauty, and romantic site represented no additional cost. In this sense it was an experiment in combining stone with concrete blocks. The larger house (3 living-rooms, 4 bedrooms, 1 bath, kitchen, garage, and all kinds of outbuildings and loggias), built of the local rubble, cost less than double.

These actual costs are on a pre-1939 basis, but on the other hand they do not allow for the experimental nature of the undertaking, nor for the fact that, as an architect building for himself, Mr. Campbell permitted himself many little extravagances for the very joy of the thing. As I quoted him as saying, in the previous article, he does not pretend for a moment that these three houses represent types that could meet the requirements of mass-production. But he is confident that hundreds of country builders, if supported and advised by an efficient organisation, could build houses, using traditional methods and materials, which could compete with any other methods of building.

Huge areas of Great Britain afford good workable stone only just below the surface of the soil; others yield clay suitable for cop, or usable chalk. Yet, for lack of incentive and experience, these materials are ignored. As I read the results attained here, Mr. Campbell has shown that the working costs, for stone, are no obstacle, and that the problem is rather that of a sustained demand (assuming that the capital and the knowledge are available). Supposing the demand was assured, as in a district of high amenity and



2.—THE ARCH TO THE GARDEN COURT, FROM SOUTH



recreational character where a steady demand for week-end cottages could be assured, or in a district where a long-term scheme of rural re-housing was contemplated by a local authority, then there is a strong case for establishing a local house-building industry on a commercial basis. In view of the shortage of the usual building materials, and the high overhead costs of producing prefabricated materials, the comparative costs between using stone immediately available and using standard materials have probably changed in favour of the former since these houses were built. As Mr. Campbell puts it: "One speaks to-day so much of prefabrication that one is apt to forget Nature's many prefabrications lying ready to hand, which need no coal, no jigs, no machine tools. If the countryside's resources in materials were organised as efficiently as are the factory's, rubble walls would win."

In these articles, however, we primarily regard houses as homes, works of art in domestic architecture, and as such Chapel Point and Point Head Cottage are as noteworthy as the economics that their building demonstrates. The interest of Mr. Campbell's work is that it combines the lively feeling for materials and right crafts-

manship, which we have come to associate with William Morris, the genesis of the modern movement seventy years ago, with our contemporary appreciation of clean sur-

faces and balanced masses. He is doing again now, in modern terms, what Philip Webb, the young Lutyens, and a few others set out to do half a century ago: to form a contemporary style on the unchanging fundamentals of architecture. He acknowledges the classics of Greece and Rome as the arch-types, the fountain head, of these principles, but qualifies that conviction with another: that a design should depart from, by simplifying, the classic type in proportion to the distance of the site from the locality of the fountain heads. I gather that if he were designing for a site in Italy, he would admit a large degree of classical idiom; but here, close to the far tip of the classic world, idiomatic detail is wholly absent and only the simplest but most fundamental principles of design are observed, with correspondingly marked regard to the climate and rough material of the locality. That is logical and, when one comes to think of it, formulates what we are conscious of empirically in all regional varieties of architecture.

Chapel Point, taking its name from the headland on which it stands, was the first house to be built (Fig. 1), and became the architect's home while the others were in course of construction. Gate House, illustrated last week, lies west of it—part can be seen beyond the house on the left of Fig. 3. The house is in the shape of a T with a tail balanced on one of the cross pieces, so to speak, making it irregularly cruciform. The upright member, seen in the middle of Fig. 3, is mostly occupied by a long wagon-roofed living-room (Fig. 4), which, owing to the slope of the site, is at mezzanine level, that of the garden court beside it. A flight of steps in the living-room descends to the level of the passage-hall which connects a study, projecting northwards, with the cross piece of the T. This is two storeys high and contains the dining-room, lit by the three windows seen in Fig. 1, in the southern half and the kitchen in the north half at the lower level; and the main bedroom (Fig. 6) lit by the three windows seen in Fig. 3, with dressing and bathrooms to the north of it, on the floor above, which communicates with the living-room. The west wing, seen in the foreground of Fig. 1, contains the entrance lobby near its intersection with the main body, with two more bedrooms and the workshop (lit by the long range of windows seen in Fig. 1) and with roof space above the adjoining garage. The big upstairs bedroom has access to the garden court by a little terrace with steps down in the angle of the south and west wings, underneath which is a store room opening off the dining-room. A loggia, facing south, adjoins the east end of the living-room.

The difference in levels of the rocky site has been used to give the house a dramatic yet practical plan. None of the principal rooms, it will be noticed, faces south-west, the direction of

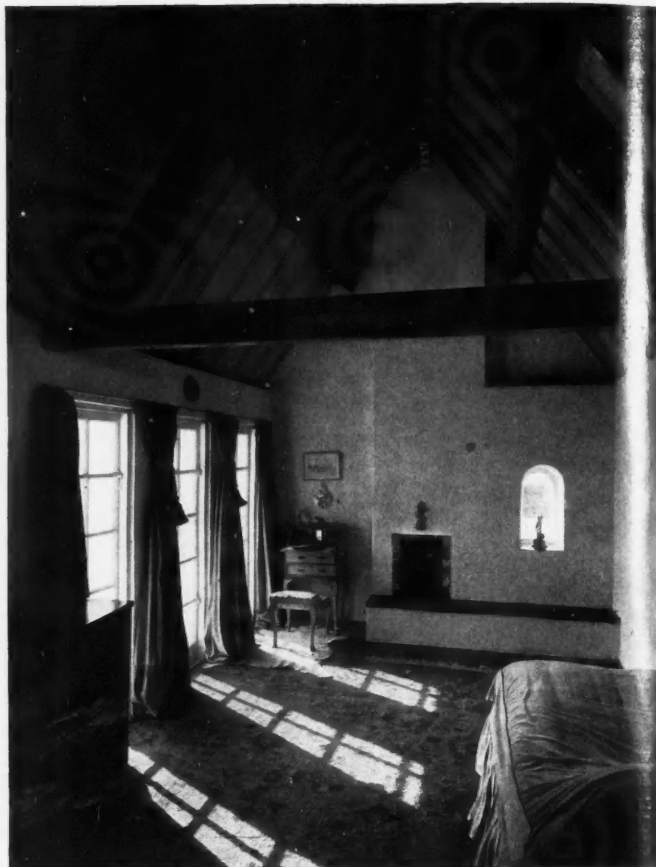
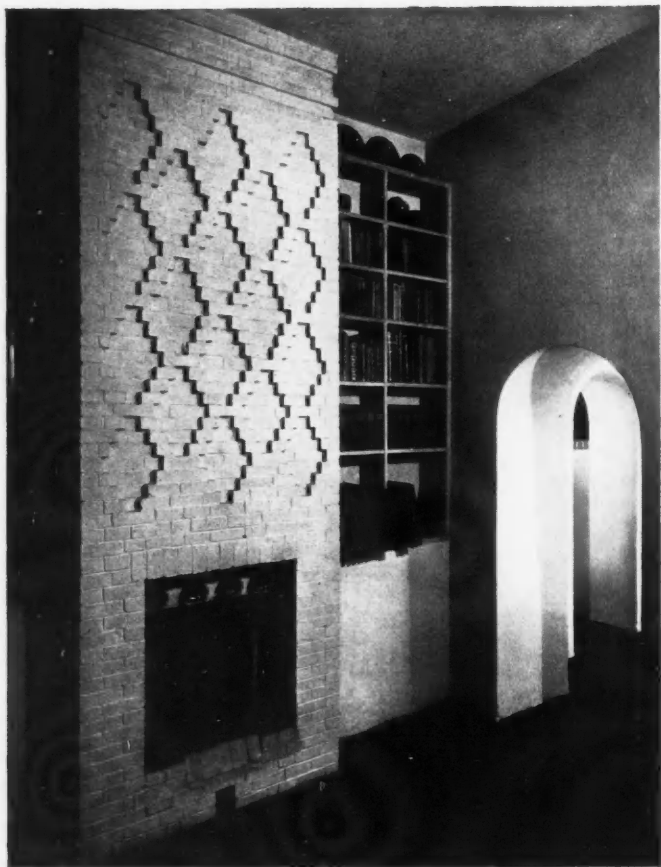


3.—THE GARDEN COURT, CHAPEL POINT, FROM THE EAST



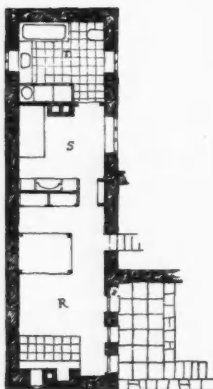
4.—THE LIVING-ROOM

The floor of polished slate set in white pebbles



# HOUSE AT CHAPEL POINT MEVAGISSEY CORNWALL

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

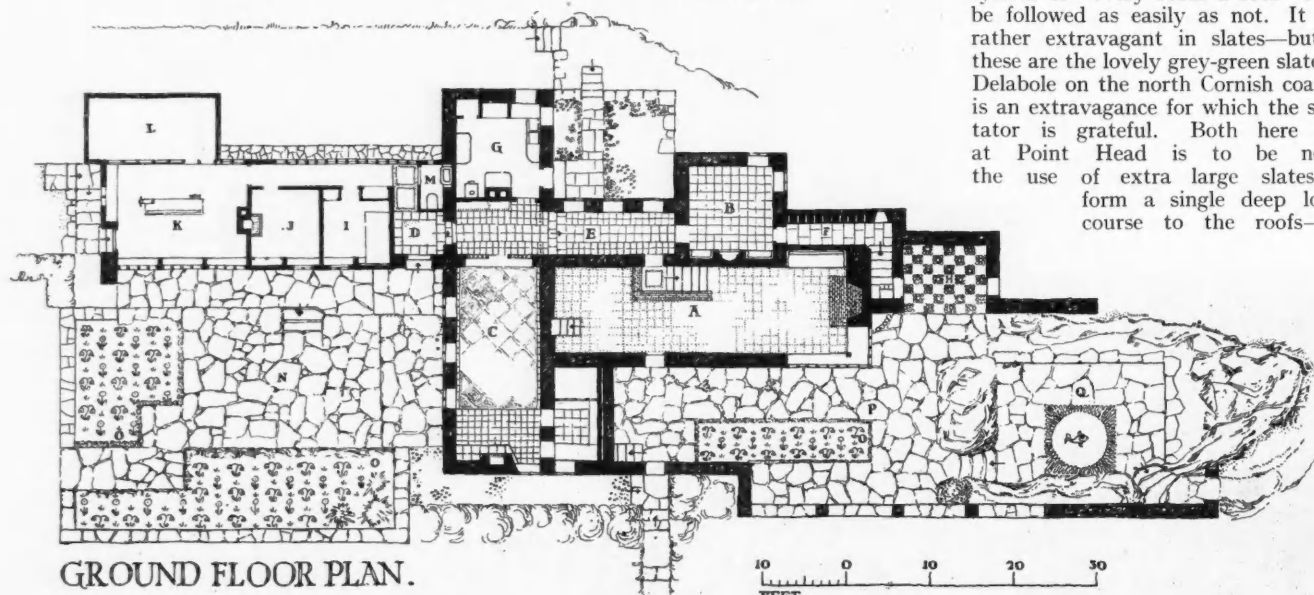


- A. LIVING ROOM
- B. STUDY
- C. DINING ROOM
- D. ENTRANCE LOBBY
- E. HALL
- F. WINE
- G. KITCHEN, cellar under.
- H. LOGGIA
- I. BEDROOM
- J. BEDROOM
- K. WORKSHOP
- L. ROOF SPACE over GARAGE
- M. LAVATORY
- N. ENTRANCE COURT
- O. FLOWER BEDS
- P. TERRACE
- Q. SUNK GARDEN
- R. MAIN BEDROOM
- S. DRESSING ROOM
- T. BATH ROOM.

## 6.—THE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM, CHAPEL POINT

(Above left) 5.—FIREPLACE IN THE  
STUDY, OF WHITEWASHED BRICK

the prevalent wind, except the dining-room, the windows of which are partly protected by the ground. Nearly all the windows look east or south into the sheltered and partly sunk garden court, and thence out to sea. The elevations reflect the plan to an extent rare since compactness became the ideal of architects. But with the thick external walling as one of the cheapest components of the building, and no shortage of rafters, the medieval system of "every room a roof" could be followed as easily as not. It was rather extravagant in slates—but as these are the lovely grey-green slates of Delabole on the north Cornish coast it is an extravagance for which the spectator is grateful. Both here and at Point Head is to be noted the use of extra large slates to form a single deep lower course to the roofs—the



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

10 0 10 20 30  
FEET.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL  
ARCHITECT.





7.—POINT HEAD COTTAGE, FROM THE SLOPE ABOVE



8.—POINT HEAD COTTAGE, THE WEST SIDE  
The entrance is just seen behind the chimney

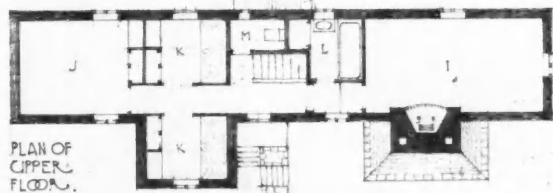
be l-cast laid over the thickness of the walls. Delabole slates, wax polished, are also used for paving the living-room (Fig. 4), the two-inch joints filled with white pebbles from the beach. Other floors are of 12-in. hand-made Devon quarries—large thick tiles—which were given, when laid, as much hot linseed oil as they would drink and then polished with wax. This was not exactly a labour-saving treatment but, after a year's toil, worth the trouble expended on them for their sheen is as of old polished mahogany. A small brick (6 ins. by 3 ins. by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ins.) has also been used for some of the internal finish, as for the coving above a settle-recess to the left of the living-room fireplace, and for the whitewashed diaper of the study chimney-breast (Fig. 5). The roofs of living-room and bedroom, the latter ceiled with wall-board, are the outstanding works of Harry Bell, the carpenter of all three houses. The handiwork of Arthur Ball, the mason, is everywhere in evidence, but particularly so perhaps in such a view as that in Fig. 2, where we are looking into the garden court from the south of the door of the living-room, and where the delightful texture of the white and limewashed rubble of the walling is well seen.

Point Head Cottage lies below that just described and just above high-tide level at the easterly end of the Point. The experiment in this case is in the combination of materials: the chimney, plinth and outbuildings are of rubble, but the main walls of concrete blocks. The beautiful level roof, belies the inequalities in the site, for the house literally grows out of the rock in so far as there is space only for one main room on the lower floor, the three northerly bedrooms on the upper being built on top of the rock. As if to anchor the building to the rock-face, a massive chimney pins down the outer end of the house, and in the plan it is interesting to see how the heating boiler is placed—in the pent-house running round the base of the chimney—so that it uses the same flue. The ground-floor room, with three windows facing east, is a combined kitchen-dining-room, with larder, stairs, and boots on the other side of the hall passage. The living-room is above the kitchen, the remainder of the upper floor providing a large bedroom with access from the upper ground level, two sleeping-cabins, w.c. and bath. A low range at right angles eastward contains a loggia facing south and workroom beyond, looking on to a paved terrace. The interior, which is simply finished, calls for no special comment.

It was obviously an exciting adventure building these houses on this glorious site by direct labour largely from stone quarried from the ground, and it is appropriate that there should be an air of adventure about every line in their design. Consequently they are as fresh and stimulating in appearance as was the experiment that produced them, and as the salty winds of the headland. The regional architecture of Cornwall is mostly grim in colour and preoccupied with resisting these winds. If I were Duke of Cornwall I would be strongly tempted to make Mr. Campbell my Minister of Works to supervise all new buildings and do what he could with a pot of whitewash to enliven the old ones!

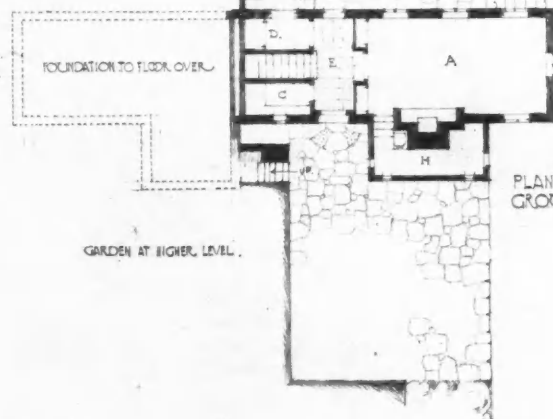
# POINT HEAD COTTAGE.

- I. LIVING ROOM.
- J. BEDROOM
- K. SLEEPING CABINS
- L. BATH ROOM
- M. W.C.



PLAN OF UPPER FLOOR.

- A. KITCHEN-DINING ROOM.
- B. LOGGIA.
- C. LARDER.
- D. BOOTS ETC.
- E. HALL.
- F. WORKSHOP.
- G. LOGGIA.
- H. HEATING & COKE.



PLAN OF LOWER GROUND FLOOR.

# ARCHITECTS' COPY-BOOKS

## INFLUENCE ON THE DESIGNS OF COUNTRY BUILDERS

By A. E. RICHARDSON, R.A.

THE value of exemplars, and even of the direct influence of copy-books, over the minds of the craftsmen of other days is strikingly seen in their works. With the exception of the famous sketch-book compiled by Wilars de Honecourt in the thirteenth century, little has come down to show how mediæval art gained such a hold as it did. It is clear, however, that rules of geometry were followed by groups of masons throughout Europe. All this goes to prove the existence of a definite system based on rough drafting which also admitted freedom in design. Thus in the Middle Ages one building provided the idea for another and so a sequential manner was assured.

With the revival of classic architecture in the fifteenth century came the need for illustrated books, giving line drawings and details of antique buildings. The architect with his precepts now steps into prominence to give definite instructions to the artificers. In like manner the master mason, in some instances, assumes the authority of the architect.

It was natural that Italy, the home of the classical Renaissance, should be the first to produce books on architecture. Thus henceforth the influence of books on the taste and thoughts of patrons and executants was to be very wide. From Italy the new learning spread to France where Alberti's book was translated into French and soon became the standard work. It was this book which influenced Dr. Caius, the founder of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, when he projected its three famous gateways. In so far as England is concerned this is the first instance of the use of a copy-book, during the reign of Queen

Elizabeth. From now on direction in important architectural matters came from surveyors and architects of reputation. Neither the London statuary, nor the skilled masons who worked on the buildings at Oxford or Cambridge were unlearned in this regard.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century illustrated architectural books came in considerable quantities from the Continent. These, of which *Differents Pourtraicts de Menuiserie*, by Jehan Vredeman de Vriese was perhaps the most influential, were on sale in London and copies were sent down to the Universities for the benefit of College bursars and others. Travelled architects of the standing of Inigo Jones were rare, but on the other hand many skilled foreign craftsmen had settled in England. All this elevates the copy-book to the use and possession of the few. At this juncture there were none of those abridgments which later came to be the inspiration of journeymen and apprentices. Then in the mid-seventeenth century came the barren period of the Civil Wars, when the arts and crafts were moribund. With the Restoration of the Monarchy there was renewed interest in contemporary Dutch architecture, as well as a desire to emulate French classic buildings. For this reason both Vingboon's plates and the superb illustrations published by Antoine Le Pautre became known to architects and amateurs.

English architects, however, at this juncture were more concerned with forming their own taste than translating foreign text books for the benefit of workmen. The need for a handy text-book, notwithstanding, seems to have been realised, for in 1663, Godfrey Richards translated Palladio, and added doors and windows after Pierre Le Muet. This little book proved to be immensely popular among London artificers in the years following the Great Fire; a fifth edition appearing in 1693. There can be little doubt of the value of this, especially to masons and carpenters during the later Stuart period.

Copy-books were at long last available for craftsmen when building activity increased under the Georges. The editors were limited in number and either belonged to the group of small surveyors, or were themselves craftsmen. The foremost was the famous Batty Langley, who "formed a school of excellent workmen" by his many publications. A short list of his principal works includes the following: *A Sure Guide to Builders or the Principles and Practice of Architecture made easy for the use of Workmen*, 1726;



DESIGN FOR AN INTERNAL PORCH FROM *DIFFERENTS POURTRAITS DE MENUISERIE* BY J. VREDEMAN DE VRIESE

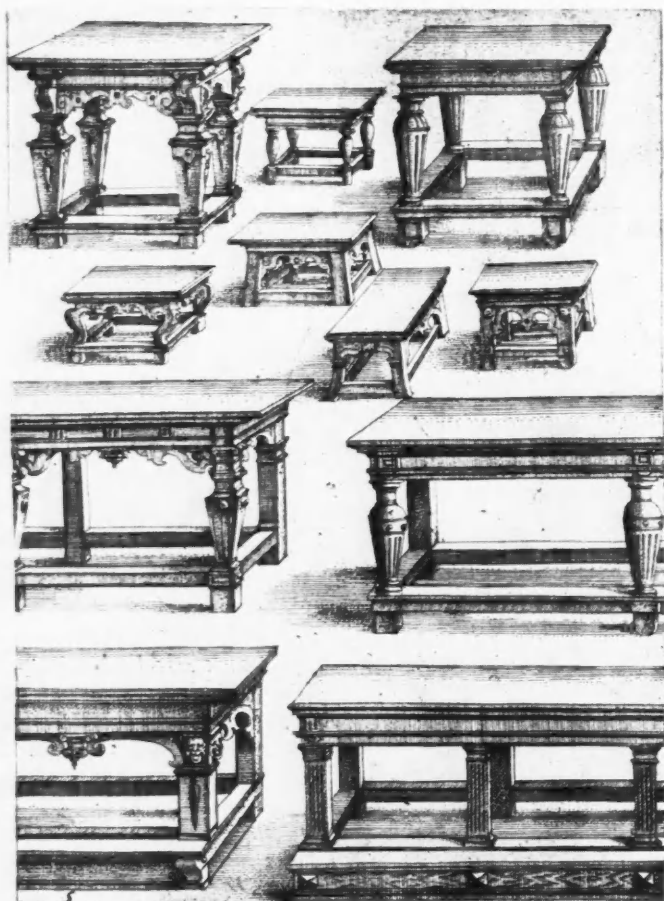
*Young Builder's Rudiments* 1730; *Builder's Complete Assistant, or a Library of Art and Sciences necessary to Builders and Workmen in general*, two vols., 1738; and *The City and Country Builders' and Workmen's Treasury of designs, or, the art of drawing and Working the ornamental Parts of Architecture*, 1740. To this most useful and comprehensive series was added *The Builder's Jewel or Youth's Instructor and Workman's Remembrancer*, 1741.

It is evident that the demand for these copy-books increased, for in 1746, Batty Langley published the *Builder's Director or Bench Mate*, followed in 1749 by the *Builder's Treasury of Designs*. The above list is by no means exhaustive, but goes far to explain the development of the vernacular style in the United Kingdom, and the American Colonies, from 1730 to 1770. This was the era of honest plain building, when middling people became houseproud, a time when faults of proportion in doors and windows were rare.

Slight changes in the treatment of elevations, especially the detail of doors and fanlights, were brought about by the publication in 1773 of the first numbers of the *Works in Architecture* of Robert and James Adam. These plates eventually appeared in the form of two volumes in 1778. It was, therefore, not altogether an accidental circumstance that led in 1774 to the publication of *The Practical Builder, or Workmen's General Assistant*, by William Paine, "Architect and Joiner." The following extract from the preface of this delightful work no doubt refers to the stir caused by the activities of the brothers Adam:

The very great Revolution (as I may say which of late has so generally prevailed, in the style of architecture especially in the decorative and ornamental department, will evince the necessity and eminent utility of this publication. That Taste (so conspicuous in our modern buildings) which is vainly sought in any other practical Treatise, the Workman will here find illustrated in a great variety of useful and elegant examples.

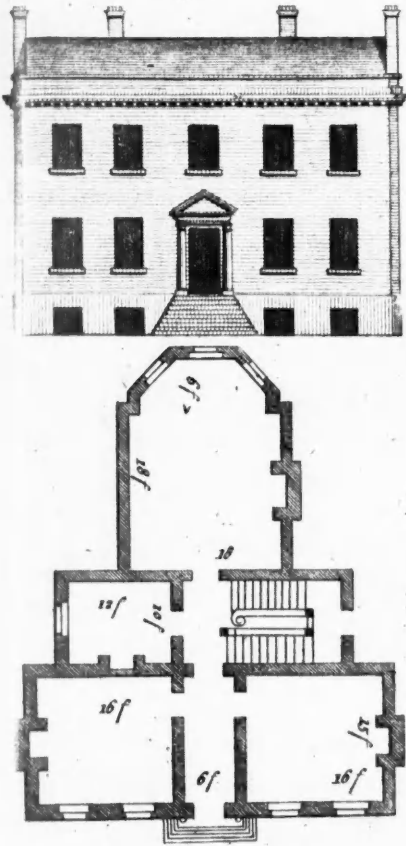
This excellent book, with its well-selected illustrations and precise details, made an instant appeal to small builders in town and country throughout the United Kingdom. Neither should the following books, published by Mr. Taylor, of Holborn, be overlooked. The first, *Familiar Architecture, consisting of original designs for Houses for Gentlemen and Tradesmen, Parsonages and Summer Retreats*, by the late Thomas Rawlins, archt.; *Crunken's Conveniens and Ornamental Architecture*; *The Country Gentlemen's Architect*, by J. Miller. Also



DESIGNS FOR STOOLS AND TABLES BY VREDEMAN DE VRIESE. EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



Plan and Elevation for  
a Dwelling-House.



English craftsmanship throughout the reign of George III reached a very high level. While not denying the undoubted influence of the leading architects and their assistants, some credit should be given to the lesser men, such as Batty Langley and the Pains, father and son. Similarly the importance of the architectural bookseller of the period should not be overlooked.

The interest to be derived from the study of old copy-books is not confined to their contents, or the period which saw their publication. The philosophical mind will rediscover a great deal of useful knowledge; for the manners of an age are recorded in architecture and furniture. Besides it is not too much to say that new theories might with advantage be based on those proven by experience. Learned scholars tell us that old books have suggested new forms of literature. Artists have mentioned the works which have inspired them to fuller effort; architects have acknowledged their indebtedness to buildings of great artistic character.

In the eighteenth century French architects appealed to precedents in order to advance taste, while their English confrères made every use of classical references. In those times artists were as high-minded and as independent as they are to-day. They went as far as they were able and not as far as extravagance would have carried them. The controlling fact was the general discipline which served to unify the practice of the arts. It was not until the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when copy-books became coarse, that the gulf between the leading architects and the journeymen widened. Finally the issue was further complicated when the catalogue usurped the functions of the copy-book and became the *vade mecum* of builders.

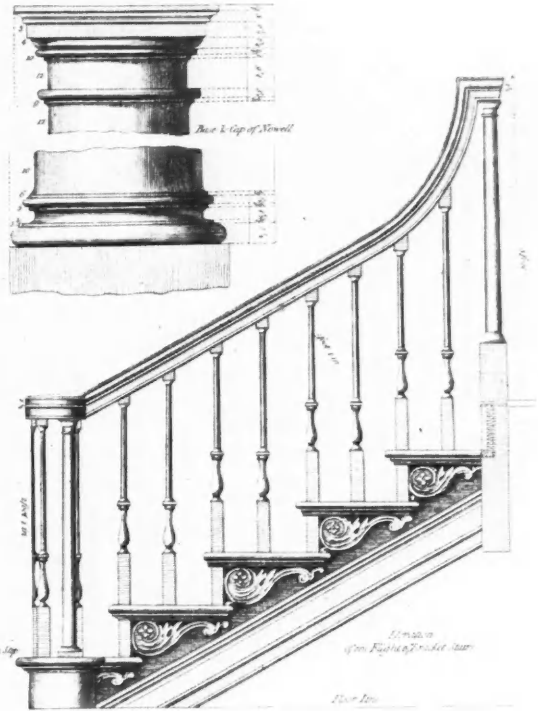
All things considered there should be nothing against the publication of new copy-books devoted to the details of building construction. If our architectural pundits would confer together on the subject of improved joinery, paying particular attention to mouldings, they would be doing a noble service. Is it not a scathing commentary on the building trade that its main objective is the assembling of mass-produced components?

Some who dissent from this recommendation will say: "Fancy advocating a return to copy-books." Nevertheless, architecture at all periods has proved to be a matter of skilful

adaptation, which implies a reticence that places the idea before individual expression. Experienced designers confess that the moves are few, the sum total of themes scarce. They will state that everything that has been accomplished beyond the ordinary is merely a variation of common ideas. Yet still the quest for originality will go on unceasingly, as humanity is delivered from one dream to another. So the answer seems to be: copy-books by all means, and as many as possible if architecture can be improved by their influence.

It is the fate of all phases of architecture to be open to many interpretations. This is due in the main to the way in which examples strike different minds. Thus buildings of one period, reaching a high degree of perfection may pass unnoticed in a later and busier age.

This article, however, is mainly concerned with statements of fact and is in no way intended to be controversial. While it should be conceded that quality of design and craftsmanship awakens emulous thought, few are in a position to forecast new principles.



DESIGN FOR A FLIGHT OF BRACKET STAIRS,  
WITH (inset) BASE AND CAP OF NEWEL.

(Left) PLAN AND ELEVATION FOR A  
DWELLING-HOUSE

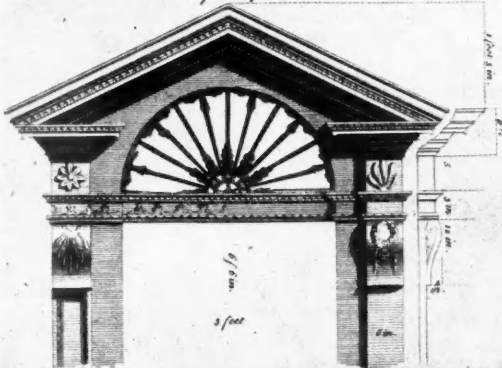
From William Pain's *The Practical Builder* (1774)

Garret's *Designs and Estimates for Farm Houses for the Counties of York, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland and the Bishoprick of Durham*; Plaw's *Rural Architecture, Nutshells, Plans for Houses*. And to the foregoing should be added *The Temple Builders most useful Companion*; for in the second half of the eighteenth century no country house was deemed complete without its garden retreat.

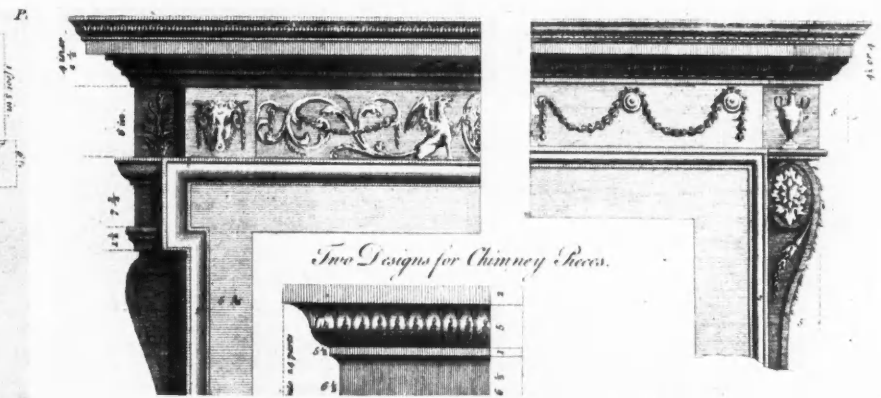
William Pain junior followed very closely in his father's footsteps; he was the editor of the following: *The Practical House Carpenter, or Youth's Instructor*, a fifth edition of which appeared in 1794; *The Carpenter and Joiner's Repository*, Pain's *British Palladio or the Builder's General Assistant*, as well as *The Practical Builder or Workman's General Assistant*.

As mentioned previously the influence of these copy-books was widespread, for not only were builders advised how to assemble materials, but they were provided with tolerably good working details. The journeymen, too, now had access to information which kept them from mistakes. It is, therefore, a significant fact that

Frontispieces for Doors



FANLIGHT AND ENTABLATURE FOR  
A FRONT DOOR



TWO DESIGNS FOR CHIMNEYPieces  
From William Pain's *The Practical Builder* (1774)

## A WINTER'S TALE *A Golf Commentary by* BERNARD DARWIN

I AM sitting down to write on a perfect day of Indian Summer. The sun has at length fairly broken through the mist, the leaves of the lime and the horse chestnut in the garden are flaming in their Autumn colours, the tiny putting green outside my window is still wet with dew. It is a day on which a longing for a game of golf catches at the heart. But there is no denying that it would be almost, though not quite yet, Winter golf. The parting of the seasons has come and it is the golf of Winter that lies ahead. That is in some ways a depressing reflection, and yet I confess to having more tenderly sentimental memories of golf at this than at any other time of year. There is something snug and homely about it, just as there is in drawing the curtains and sitting over the fire. In Winter the golfer abandons holiday courses open to the whole world and retires to his Winter quarters, his own home green. And so the Winter memories of each one of us centre chiefly on just one or two spots, which may have been muddy but had a certain sacredness nevertheless.

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My own, for instance, have three main shrines. There is first Coldham Common at Cambridge, to which at the beginning of the October term I first went jingling down the Newmarket road in a hansom, an eager and extravagant freshman, just fifty-one years ago almost to this very day. Second comes Woking, whither on coming up to London I would repair in a second-class carriage, with its dear departed red cushions, Sunday after Sunday, with a steadfast affection. Third comes, of course, Aberdovey with its entrancing week's holiday on the last days of the old year and the beginning of the new one. I have written of all three too often and will not do so again, but there is another and wonderful Winter memory, namely that of the very occasional seaside week-end from London. It was horribly short; after the first round and the first lunch were over, the thought that it would too soon pass loomed insistently, but it had a truly exquisite quality.

For me it was the more precious because it was very rare. There were fortunate and opulent persons who could get away every Friday night and regularly repaired to one of three paradises week after week. They went to the Bell at Sandwich, to one of those gaunt but comfortable lodging-houses in the terrace at Littlestone, or to the Dormy House at Rye, and each party was entirely faithful to its own resort. To the young such splendour was not possible, but now and then, not more than once or twice in the whole Winter, there came from some kindly older golfer the suggestion of a week-end and then for days beforehand the air was filled with rosy clouds and the sound of trumpets.

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Cannon Street Station, as I remember it, was the rendez-vous and there were to be seen all three parties, "well wrapped up" like the Polar bear, while the pleasant clanking of clubs resounded through the station. To the regulars everything had become a matter of course, but to the youthful and occasional visitor all was intensely exciting and it was an added glory that he travelled in a first-class carriage and paid for his return ticket only the modest sum (it is graven on my memory and surely I cannot be mistaken) of 13s. 6d. Those were the days when a railway journey was not an inevitable necessity to be shunned if possible, but a joy in itself. If one was going to Sandwich one changed, I suppose, at Minster; for Rye or Littlestone it was certainly at Ashford, and every moment of the leisurely progress was delightful. At Littlestone there was the sound of the sea in the dark as one ate one's dinner; at the other two one must wait for that till next morning; in either case the expectation on that first evening was probably the high-water mark of pleasure, for then it seemed that the weather must be fine and one must be going to play well.

No doubt people have continued to have cheerful week-end golf at those and many other

pleasant places since such far-off days, but I do not think it is entirely sentiment which makes me say that a little of the glory departed with the coming of the internal combustion engine. It is easy so to get to those courses in a car, or will be again when, some day, petrol abounds, that a man may play his two rounds and yet get home again at night. There is not the same necessity to stay on the spot; the old companionship of the journey and the old observance of exactly the same rites and ceremonies has dwindled away. I imagine that much the same may be said of other walks of life, of which I know only by hearsay. Circuit life at the Bar is, I gather, hardly its old self in regard to communal existence, and commercial travellers are not quite what they were in the days when the one-eyed bagman told Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass the story of Tom Smart in the commercial room of the Peacock at Eatanswill. They can radiate from their own homes as bases and the stricter tradition of that room has, I am told, vanished. If this be true, then I am conservative enough to be sorry for it, and supposing myself now setting out for a week-end at Rye or Sandwich—how I wish I were I!—I deliberately choose to think of a train.

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I feel tolerably sure of one thing, which has nothing to do with sentimental memories, namely that there is no golf quite so good as that on a really fine Winter's day by the sea. The absence or comparative absence of other people has something to do with it, that we can start more or less when we please and are not kept waiting on the tee. I would not attempt to deny that selfish consideration, but it is but one small element. The feeling of escape from

the town and the gratitude for a day "sent from beyond the skies" are never quite so poignant as then. The touch of dampness on the grass, the crispness of the air, the perfect rightness of the length of the holes—all these things contribute to a truly ecstatic state of things.

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It is just such a day as I write, but there is something else that makes me grow perhaps a little lyrical on the subject. I have just seen an old friend, a distinguished golfer, who with others is about to set out for Scotland, for a few days at St. Andrews. This visit is an annual event, compassed about with delicious ceremonial and thought out in detail long before hand, down even to the morning spent in Edinburgh on some alleged business which makes the reason for the trip. Already certain cases full of creature comforts have preceded the party and the sleepers have of course long since been secured. These too happy people know exactly where and at what time they are going to dine and breakfast. They openly rejoice in the fact—confound them!—that other people will have gone away and the links will be empty. They will play foursomes for the most part with an occasional three-ball (no four balls for them) and they will play only one full round a day, with some agreeable trifling over a few holes after lunch. And, as I write, it looks as if they would have heavenly weather for their jaunt and it shows that I have an angelic nature that I do most sincerely hope that they will and that no haar will descend upon them and blot out the landscape. I think they will be well advised to play only one round if the course is as long as when I watched the professionals there but a short while ago. Two would probably kill them, though to be sure, taken in conjunction with the contents of those cases, it might be an enviable death.

## VILLAGE AUTUMN *By* ALAN MUIR

THE harvest is in. Pimpernel still grows among the stiff stubble and the skyline is yet one of the dead colour of the shaven stalks. Soon the plough will cross it under heavy skies; tool it into dark ribs. The seabirds will drift in from the stormy coast and follow the pitching plough. Then we shall know that the end is come.

As yet we try to pretend that Summer is still with us. There are still warm, bright days when the shadows of the elms lie full and blue across the road by the little shop. We still hope that a "little Summer" will break over us and save us the ignominy of a window full of ripening tomatoes. But there are no more buds on the snapdragons. The explosion of colour is over in a faint and ragged aftermath. We are consoled by our dahlias and chrysanthemums, depressed at the same time by their challenging brightness. The lawn has been cut for the last time. And yesterday we saw—melancholy sight—our neighbour, Mr. Parrish, oiling his scythe in the garden; swathing it in sacking for its long Winter's rest.

All Summer long the stream through the village has been dry, a mere trough of greenery—hemlock, cow-parsley and thick-leaved dock. For three days in July it tried to flow, but growing stuff sucked it down in no time. But now its faint music has begun again. Limy water is drifting sluggishly through the thinning green. The Post Office ducks are raising their voices in that interminable chorus of satisfaction which will continue until well into May.

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This morning we noted that the village shop itself had lost its warm, summery smell. A printed sign, melancholy despite the jovial hours foretold, had appeared on one wall—IF YOU HAVEN'T JOINED OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB, DO IT NOW! There is a saddening lack of coloured mineral bottles which, for the past months, have stood in the hot and sunlit window. The vicar has returned from his holiday—a new and very determined vicar, sun-burned and full of zeal for the work ahead. He has been to consult us about plans for enter-

tainment during the dark evenings. Do we know where a home cinema projector may be bought cheaply for the hall? Have we any suggestions for a lecture course? Can nothing be done to brighten the hours of the Sewing Circle while they sew? He has plans for a Christmas play. The Library Selection Committee, he says with a twinkle, has been a bit casual during the past months. How about more lively attention to duties?

All our Summer activities and high spots are fading into a complete insignificance—the Flower Show and Fête for which we so ardently prepared; the interchange of vegetables with quiet triumph; the bathing excursions to the river; Saturday evenings when all the village met under the big elm by the Green Man. Saturday afternoons, spent lying flat among the grasses on the cricket field; those long, limpid evenings when the boys and girls would stand until late on the bridge and when the swallows and the martins would hawk the night into being. Why, it is quite an effort even now to recall the excited interest we took in the martins' building under our thatch. There is a last brood of fat, quarrelsome house-sparrows in that nest now.

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Now the first signs of change are setting in and a new village life is about to begin. As the sun drew us all out of our homes, so are these first days of rushing leaves and wet, grey skies driving us in. We know that, while of late we have seen our neighbours every day, a time is coming when we may not see them for a whole fortnight at a time. Soon the lamplit window of the shop will glow upon the early-evening dark; torches and cycle-lamps will supplant preserving jars as stock-in-trade; the Friday library evening will be once more a social occasion; and the Women's Institute will take new life unto itself.

The hedgerows are thinning. Soon there will be rainy wind in the bare boughs of the trees and our gardens, the very centre of our lives, will fall asleep. Our fireside will awake. We're digging ourselves in.



# HUNTING AGAIN! By BRIDDOON

GONE are the pomp and the pageantry. Gone are the horse-boxes, the second-horsemen, the sixty and more couple in kennel, the four, five and six days a week, the fields of three hundred and more. All are gone, perhaps for ever, And two-thirds of the grass is gone too!

With us still are the coupons, the saddlers and cobblers who shrug at one's suggestions of repairs, the tailors who appear wholly indifferent as to whether one enters their shops or not, ("I can promise nothing under six months, sir, perhaps longer,") the groom problem ("No more early and late for me, sir, thanks all the same,") the rations, the arable and the wire. Oh, the wire!

Finally, there is a scarcity of hunters, a greater scarcity of made hunters, and a virtual absence—the advertisement column notwithstanding—of young made hunters.

How long these things will remain one cannot say; or how any horse may go on jumping "grass" fences out of plough; or what will be the hunting fate, as it were, of those portions of the four- and five-day countries which, with the shadows of war as they are and will long remain, simply cannot be hunted adequately or even, perhaps, at all.

What one can say is, that to anyone in reasonably close touch with the matter, there is a stirring beneath the surface, as of forces held in restraint long enough, whose message is unmistakable and peremptory. There will be hunting, real hunting, this season.

The message comes to the men and women who went forth to serve with the love of the chase in their hearts, the sounds of the chase filling the silences for them, the vision of the chase theirs for a closing of the eyes; to whom England was hunting, and hunting was England. And if only such as they shall know just what these things mean, they are not, as these will know also, the less true for that. There are others who, for six long years, have contrived, they could scarcely tell you how, to keep the nucleus of their packs in some degree of existence in the face of difficulties the complexities of which seem now but a confused dream. And to all of these a pæan of victory is sounding which no belfry could surpass.

To some packs their old masters are returning, or have returned. Other packs have found new masters; while a few are still seeking them. Many hunts are short of hounds, even for the reduced number of hunting days now, probably, almost universally inevitable; while all are short of even the irreducible minimum of horses. The latter need can no doubt be rectified as to mere quantity, if not as to quality of performance; but the former cannot, for hounds are very scarce, and at least a season must



Alan Phillips

## ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS—WAITING TO MOVE OFF

elapse before many hunts will have enough of them to do justice even to a reduced country.

Money is bitterly scarce and shows no prospect—let us face it—of being anything else for a long time. We whose business it has been, throughout, or during part of, the war to keep things going now, now, on how little, by comparison with pre-war standards, hounds can be taken to the meet, and indeed I confess to having been appalled, in pre-war days, by the expenditure incurred and met by the three packs with which it was then my happy lot to identify myself. The hunting was, taken all round, perhaps the very best there is—or was!—and nothing was left undone which could be done to maintain the very high standards of the establishments and countries referred to.

Still, an average annual expenditure by three adjacent packs of £7,000 sounds rather like a fairy-tale to-day, and anyone whose present privilege it is to hunt a country may be forgiven for wondering now and then, at this distance of time, just where it all went to and just how much of it need not have gone there! I mean, on less than half of it I would cheerfully undertake . . . However . . .

Of course, getting the wire down throughout a grazing country was expensive. The cost in damages and repair-timber in countries where large numbers of largely non-territorial sportsmen rode over the pastures more or less on sufferance was high. And since nothing like this expenditure can now be incurred, it is probably just as well that with the disappearance of the grass, the necessity for the expenditure has largely disappeared also. If the fences are mainly unjumpable out of plough in any case it matters little, I take it, whether they are wired or not; and in fact they probably aren't now. And—no jumping, no damage, or anyhow very much less.

Horses, too! During the war many packs managed with three, or even two, horses. It is true that they could generally borrow a horse now and then in an emergency. It is also true that hunting when you can and going home when you like in war-time, and satisfying a field of peace-time subscribers, however lenient, are two different things. Even so, I have often wondered whether thirty-two or more hunt horses, even for four days a week, were strictly necessary, and, of them, how many did more and how many less than their fair share. Countries will always vary, we may suppose; but, by and large, I should say that any future situation could be considered adequately provided for by a horse a day all round and a couple of spares.

They must be the right sort for the country of course—which not all hunt horses were by any means in the spacious days—and no doubt they will take some finding. But once found they should suffice; and I for one would rather leave the second whipper-in at home if I must, upon occasion, than keep a horse which was not really needed. That more horses are lamed which are underworked than overworked I am quite convinced; and the amount of work a sound horse can do if he is only well fed and cared for is astonishing. Finally, of the eight (let us say) horses allotted to the pre-war huntsman of a four-day pack, he probably rode two as seldom as he could manage, and a third never if he could help it!

It is difficult to predict the future of the different hunting countries or districts. The graziers will no doubt get back to grass as soon as they are allowed to, and it is possible that in the course of time the grass country will be restored to its erstwhile pre-eminence. Till then, I would prefer to hunt, and certainly to hunt hounds, in a plough country (preferably a light one) which has always been such, or almost such. There are no farmers like those in a hunting plough country. There is, in the nature of things, comparatively little wire. The fences and ditches are to-day, at worst, much what they always were. Not everyone who has not hunted in a good plough country has any idea what a scent it can carry, or of the pace at which, upon occasion, hounds can run over it. Finally, a race-horse is not only not necessary, he is not even an advantage.

## SUNDOWN

THE light is an incandescent  
And irretrievable candle,  
Going out,  
Snuffed.  
There is one moment, after the long  
Evening, gradually diminishing,  
When the sun, like a bright fire,  
Burns to a single cinder, drops out of life.  
So the day falls; in such a moment  
Its glow is the fire that burns in the west,  
The sun its single cinder.  
Round about are the burnt-out embers  
Of field and tree upon the skyline—  
And bush and field  
Lie between me and the sky,  
The scorched hearth upon which burns the fire.

CHARLES KING.

## DUCKS

A SMALL procession waddles single file  
Along the narrow lane:  
With sure, sea-rolling gait  
Like happy sailors home in port again,  
Six white ducks lumber on;  
And barge-like, broad and slow,  
With orange paddles, through the mud they go.  
Fat cobblestones they ride  
As high white horses on a heaving tide;  
And then an awkward gate  
They must negotiate.  
Across a field with swaying, rhythmic beat,  
They breast the air as though  
There is a sea below,  
Yet orderly, in line,  
They keep their course till water is in sight;  
Then quacking in delight,  
With heads down, wings unfurled,  
They leave the muddy edge—  
Each trails a wrinkled wedge  
Across the glassy pond disturbing there  
The mirrored scene where clouds and tree-tops  
float,  
And cattle stand and stare.

PHOEBE HESKETH.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## NATIONAL PARKS FOR SCOTLAND

SIR,—I was much interested to read Mr. F. Wallace's article on the proposed scheme for more National Parks for Scotland. As one particularly concerned in the Argyll scheme I would like to confirm what he says as to none of the owners or local inhabitants being consulted. It is a pity that they were not, in my particular case, for I could have told them that the trout fishing in Loch Tulla, far from being "proverbial," as stated in the report, is so bad that not even passing cars stop to have a few casts! Pike have been in the Loch for many years, and the trout are practically non-existent.

It is also stated that a path exists up to the Clachlet, one of the highest hills on the Blackmount Estate, and that it would be possible for the tourist to ride to the top. All I can state is that a path does not exist, and that it would be impossible for the best hill pony in the Highlands to get to the top!

The report, by the way, does mention the rainfall, but another, and very real, discomfort is not mentioned—the midges in Argyll are particularly savage! But taking a broad view, the real objection to the scheme, from the national point of view, is that it proposes gratuitously to make valueless one of the Highland's most important assets—the sporting values. In the past our American friends used to come over regularly to rent moors and forests, thereby creating a useful invisible export. Are they likely to do so again if the lands are labelled as National Parks?

Actually in this area a large part of Glencoe and Glen Etive have already been gifted to the nation. I was on the hill with my spy glass one fine Sunday in early July, about Glasgow Fair period, and I looked frequently along the ridge of Buchaille Etive to see how many people were enjoying the magnificent climb along that well-known ridge. I saw not a single person. And yet it is proposed that another very much larger area in Argyll should be taken. I would suggest that it is not wanted by the general public, who anyhow do go and ramble and climb just where they wish; and that it would be a great error to dissipate gratuitously a national asset.—PHILIP FLEMING, Forest Lodge, Black Mount, Bridge of Orchy, Argyll.

## WINDRUSH NAVIGATION

From Sir John Fox.

SIR,—In his letter to COUNTRY LIFE of September 28, Mr. H. J. H. Stevens asks whether any description of river craft in use before the nineteenth century has been published. I have an unpublished account of a canal boat in a diary of my grandfather, John Fox (1800-80); a shallow draft craft capable of carrying a considerable weight. The description is dated September 21, 1839, but I have been told by Mr. J. C. Rolt, the author of that delightful book *Narrow Boat* (Eyre and Spottiswoode) that these swift packet boats were in use in the eighteenth century.

The following is an extract from the diary:

1839. Sept. 21. Rose at six—breakfasted—came outside 3-horse coach to Manchester. . . . Streets of good red brick houses within three miles of Manchester; many building in a place to be called Victoria Park. . . . From here to Preston saw many new factories building. What is it to come to? . . . Heard of a passage boat (at Preston) by Lancaster Canal to Kendal. . . . And now I made the most delightful journey that ever I made in my life, starting at about half past one in the afternoon. The

day was most beautiful. The boat was 72 feet long and just wide enough for two persons to sit opposite each other. It will hold about 70. Unladen it draws I think 3 inches of water. The head comes to the sharpest point from which 10 feet downwards, open, covered with tarpaulin, is the luggage; then 8 feet open for a boatman and about 6 passengers can sit in the open air. From this point the boat is covered with a hoop shaped covering, water-tight, and divided into 3 compartments—the first, fare 6s—the middle a small sort of steward's room—the aft cabin fare 4s. The thing looked like a canoe. It ran into a covered dock. The passengers from the north disembarked and we entered. I took a seat in the open air at the head. . . . The canal along which we went was beautiful as a stream, winding in and out constantly—the first 8 miles pretty but not striking—then sometimes a wide prospect, sometimes between green fields wooded, then under little groves, and we passed beneath 160 grey stone bridges nor came to a lock till we had gone 40 miles; then

have been possible for a boat of any great length. It may be, however, that by means of a number of craft of design similar to but shorter than that described in the diary, a considerable weight of stone might have been water-borne from above Burford, subject no doubt to trans-shipment at various obstructions, such as mills, and transferred at Newbridge or some other point lower down the Thames to larger vessels.—JOHN FOX, Bird Place, Goring-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

## TEMPLE BAR

SIR,—There was recently a letter in your columns advocating the return of Temple Bar to London—from which its removal ought never to have been allowed. Before the war I started a movement to bring this about. My idea then was to have it re-erected at the entrance to Middle Temple Lane from the Embankment. I got as far as taking the first necessary step. Temple Bar is scheduled under the Ancient Monuments Act, and may not be moved without the approval and consent of the Minister of Works. I applied to the then Minister to know if he was likely to grant such an

to it. And I can think of no open site in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, as it once was, where every aspect of it could be admired with so much ease and comfort.

I happen, when I write, to be Treasurer of the Inner Temple. I write, however, not in that official capacity, but as F. D. MacKINNON, *The Athenaeum*, S.W.1.

## IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE

SIR,—In the course of a business trip recently I was sent out to Crow's Hall, Debenham, and up a private road in a corner of this little Suffolk village I found one of the most charming bits of history I have yet discovered. I enclose a photograph, taken from the edge of the moat, showing the main entrance.

The present building was put up by the Framlingham family, about the year 1510, but before that there was a residence owned by the Crows, a Yarmouth family who made their money in shipping (I understand the Star Hotel at Yarmouth was their family mansion), and the Crow establishment was built on a site believed to go back to Danish times. Certainly there are traces of the double moat which is a feature of the larger Danish settlements.

Henry VIII granted Crow's Hall to the Framlinghams in 1542. After that it passed to the Gaudy family, then to the Pitts, Bridges and Hennikers.

The present occupant is Mr. C. H. Gill who has a fine herd of T.T. Ayrshires on land which has probably seen cows being milked for over a thousand years—such is the continuity of our countryside.—E. M. BARRAUD, *Little Eversden*, Cambridgeshire.

## THE GAME OF MERELS

SIR,—This game is a complicated form of Noughts and Crosses, played on a board. It is often called Nine Men's Morris, but I suggest that the two games are quite distinct and that Nine Men's Morris is really an outdoor game (cf. "The Nine Men's Morris is fill'd up with mud" in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii, sc. i, line 98) and possibly similar to a game played on a Wiltshire green about twenty years ago, of which P/O D. W. Hampton sent me the rules in 1942 from R.A.F. Station, Eglinton. I enclose his rules, in the hope that you may find space for them in your valuable Correspondence columns.

## RULES OF THE GAME OF NINE HOLDS.

This game is played out of doors. Nine players are really required but any number of say five or more can play.

A number of holes are cut in the turf to a size which will hold a tennis ball or a rubber ball of similar size. The number of holes required are the same as the number of players and the formation of the holes is usually in a circle. Each player is allotted a specific hole. One player is chosen to bowl and he stands at a convenient distance from the holes, say 10 feet or so, and gently bowls the ball along the ground. The action is similar to that used when playing the game of bowls. The other players stand around the holes a short distance from them, a few feet.

When the ball goes into a hole then the owner of that hole must run and fetch the ball and during this time the other players run as far away as possible, but they must stop when he reaches the ball in the hole. He usually shouts out at this point. Standing by his hole he throws the ball, aiming to hit one of the other players with it. In the meantime they must stand quite still. If he does not succeed he has a "bung," i.e. a small stone put in his hole. If he does succeed then the player who is hit runs and picks up the ball and stands still just



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF CROW'S HALL, DEBENHAM

See letter: In a Suffolk Village

there were several together for half a mile and then no more. Lancaster was rather more than half way, being 30 miles. . . . As the sun set the full moon rose opposite above a wood. It was beautiful and the manner in which we went along the water was for beauty of motion unequalled. Our boat rushed along at the rate of 9 miles an hour with a smoothness incredible. From the bow not the least wave rose but the water unbroken swelled gently against the bank. Two horses, one before the other, towed us in an unceasing canter. They were changed every 4 miles, not half a minute being taken to change. We had but two postilions for the whole way—one, a boy of 19 to Lancaster from which he had but just returned so that he rode 60 miles post without stopping. I never did enjoy a journey as I did this. It was like a journey in a dream or in an Eastern tale—water, weather, scenery, motion—all was most beautiful. We were at Kendal before 9 o'clock.

In the year 1903, I navigated the Windrush from the Thames as far as Witney in a Canadian canoe and, from recollection, the journey would not

application, and his reply was sympathetic.

I have recently had another, and, as I conceive, a much happier idea. The Hall of the Inner Temple, and its library, are both devastated ruins—destroyed finally by German bombs in May, 1941. Our architect Mr. Hubert Worthington, has provided us with a magnificent plan for the erection of a new Hall and a new Library. Its lay-out includes the provision of a wider roadway than that which used to run from Middle Temple Lane along the front of Crown Office Row. Each end of this roadway will be spanned by an archway that, for its proportions and style, I believe Wren would approve. Out beyond the eastern arch will be the great open gravelled space that stretches away to King's Bench Walk—its work of Wren. I cherish the hope that we may some day re-erect Temple Bar in this great open space in a line with these arches.

This site would involve no structural difficulty, and no aesthetic incongruity. It is true it is on the private property of the Inner Temple, but that Honourable Society allows access to the public at all reasonable times



where he picks it up. He shouts out and all the other players who have been running away must stand still where they are when he shouts out. He aims at one of the players and if he does not score a hit then he has a bung. If he does score a hit the former process is repeated until someone does not score a hit and therefore receives a bung. The player who receives the bung takes over the bowling. When a player has six bungs his hole is closed up and he is out. The last player in is the winner.

I made acquaintance with the game of merrils at a country inn in Westphalia, where the waiter assured me that it could be as interesting and involved as chess. In Germany it is called *muhle* and most German draughts-boards have the merrils diagram on the back.

In merrils each player tries to get three of his nine pegs or counters in a row; each time he succeeds, whether by forming a new row or by re-making an old one, he may remove one of his opponent's pieces from the board. It is better still to make a formation in which moving a piece from one row closes up a neighbouring row. There is a stone with the merrils plan carved on it at Helmsley Castle Museum in Yorkshire (not far from Kirby Underdale), where the custodian told me that the game was played on cornices in his boyhood, and referred to this formation as a "running Jenny." He added that visitors from Scandinavia knew the game.

Another game, played on a board with nine holes, was, presumably, similar to merrils. There is a tiny diagram of this at Singleton Church, Sussex, which I have not seen mentioned hitherto. The diagram is only 1½ ins. square. It is cut into the north jamb of the chancel arch, near carvings of dates 1600 and 1616. It suggests that a small choirboy's mind had wandered to a favourite pastime.

Your correspondent Mr. J. A. Carpenter, who wrote about this subject in your issue of September 28, may like to be reminded of an interesting letter in your issue of August 10, 1940, from Canon W. R. Shepherd, rector of Kirby Underdale, who suggested that the game of merrils was introduced by the Roman—L. B. ELLIS, 41, The Lawns, Blackheath, S.E.3.

#### A WINDOW CARTOON

SIR.—St. Peter's Church, Harrogate, has a stained glass window memorial window, unveiled by Lord Harewood in 1921, which contains an inlet of the cartoon from *Punch*—"The Shrine of Honour."

Britannia is pictured at the Unknown Warrior's Grave in Westminster Abbey, challenging a khaki-clad figure: "Who goes there?"



A CARTOON AS THE SUBJECT OF A CHURCH WINDOW

See letter: A Window Cartoon

SOLDIER: I have no name; I died for my country.

BRITANNIA: Pass, Unknown Warrior.

The original cartoon was by the late Sir Bernard Partridge.—J. A. CARPENTER, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

#### AN ALMSHOUSE SEAT

SIR.—The enclosed photograph is of a curious piece of the cabinet-maker's art to be found in the south aisle of the famous church of Framlingham, Suffolk. It was provided for and used by the old men and women of Sir Robert Hitcham's Almshouses, accommodating six aside, seated back to back in the hollowed-out divisions.



#### FOR THE ALMSMEN AND ALMSWOMEN OF FRAMLINGHAM

See letter: An Almshouse Seat

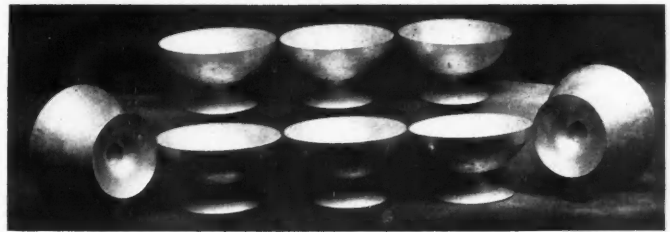
The arms of the worthy donor are painted on the poppy-heads.

Sir Robert lies buried under a black marble tomb in the S.E. corner of the sanctuary, adjacent to the superb Howard tombs. It is interesting to recall that he bought the castle and manors of Framlingham and Saxted in 1635 from the Duke of Norfolk for £14,000 and bequeathed them at his death the next year to Pembroke College, Cambridge, in trust for the poor.

Framlingham contains other almshouses, the bequest of Thomas Milles, wheelwright, of whom it was said: "the wheelwright's Almshouses as far exceeds the Knight's in magnificence, as the Knight's exceeds the wheelwright's in quality!"—ALLAN JOBSON, 21, Crown Dale, S.E.19.

#### A COTTAGE DOORWAY

SIR.—This fine old Norman archway, which obviously once graced a church, now renders unique a Cotswold cottage at the village of Sherborne in the valley of the Windrush, where it serves as frame for the cottage doorway.



#### EIGHT SILVER SOUP BOWLS, THE FIRST WORK OF AN AMATEUR SILVERSMITH

See letter: Amateur Silversmith

On the jambs are the beakheads so often featured in Norman architecture and a cross on the tympanum.

No story appears attached to this secular use of it, and it can only be assumed that when the old church was demolished in the eighteenth century this fragment was incorporated in the cottage, perhaps then being built.—A. ELCOME, Woking, Surrey.

#### AMATEUR SILVERSMITH

SIR.—Some time ago you published an article on the silversmith's craft by a professional silversmith, so I am wondering if it would interest your readers to learn the experience of a novice in the same art.

Being in want of eight silver soup bowls and not being able to buy them in shops or salerooms or have them

So far three lessons had been bought:

- (1) Beware of lead.
- (2) Anneal and keep on annealing, although in my case it means a walk of close on 300 yards for the double journey, from my office, in which I work after hours, to the gas ring in the canteen.
- (3) Avoid thin silver; use a gauge commensurate to the size of the job. Otherwise a shoddy article will be produced.

For the next effort, eight discs of standard silver 7½ inches in diameter, 14 gauge or approximately 1/16 of an inch were procured, which with much hammering and noise soon took shape. For the feet discs 3½ inches in diameter were used, but by carelessness the centres were lost, with the result that they all came out lopsided.

This did not cause much distress; the loss, apart from labour, was trivial, and anyway they were too small, so they were replaced by feet made out of 4-inch discs.

Nevertheless two more lessons were learned:

- (1) Do not lose your centres, because if you do not start in truth you are not likely to end in truth.
- (2) Keep your eye on proportions, a difficult matter for the inexperienced.

The photograph shows the bowls bleached before being hall marked. They were perhaps an ambitious job for a novice to take on, but they do go to prove what one may be able to do if one has a little faith in oneself.

They are 6 inches in diameter, 3½ inches high and weigh 11½ ounces each.

Unfortunately a time sheet was not kept, but I think they each took about three or four working hours to make.

My next attempt is a kettle, which is going to be quite a job as it entails an incurred raising, and, hearing that it was possible to buy Britannia silver, I obtained a disc 15 inches in diameter, gauge 14.

This silver is considerably better than standard, which is the lowest grade that can be hall marked. It is slightly easier to work and certainly more beautiful.

In this case I intend to keep a time sheet, and if my efforts prove successful I will, if desired, give my experience in a further letter.—REGINALD BEALE, 27, Wimbledon Close, The Downs, Wimbledon, S.W.20.

#### THE

#### RUBBER SITUATION

SIR.—Your remarks on the misuse of gas-masks interested me very much. Why indeed should we be burdened any longer with the care of this "government property"?

During the war it was stated in the daily Press that if every householder in the British Isles would hand to salvage one elastic band, the rubber situation would be greatly relieved. Now I hear from the headmaster of a large grammar school that only forty out of approximately three hundred girls can play games at the same time, owing to lack of gym shoes. Comment

#### A FINE NORMAN ARCHWAY NOW IN A COTTAGE AT SHERBORNE

See letter: A Cottage Doorway

made or get them by any other means, fair or foul, there seemed to be no alternative other than to make them or go without.

I therefore approached our local silversmith, explained my difficulty and asked him point-blank: "Do you think I could make them?" To which he replied: "Why not?" He volunteered to get the silver, and in the meantime the following gear was accumulated: a 1-lb. ball-pein hammer, a block of lead, and a block of hardwood hollowed out to the size and shape of the bowls required.

Up to this point I had never seen sheet silver, and when it arrived it seemed so thin and fragile, gauge 10 or about 1/32 of an inch thick, as to be well nigh useless for my purpose unless strengthened with a beading or some other device.

Much to the surprise of all, by dint of much hammering and annealing, the first piece began to take shape, but unfortunately, while being annealed, came to a sad end by coming in contact with some fragments of lead solder, which burnt holes in it.

The second piece also began to take shape but also came to grief by splitting while being domed; probably it was hit too hard or not annealed sufficiently.

is needless.—A. J. ROBERTSON, *Rest-Harrow, East Aylton, Scarborough.*

### A SOMERSET COCKPIT

SIR,—At Woolavington, a village near Bridgwater in Somerset, there stands in the garden of the Grange, a building that might easily be taken for one of the larger dovecots of which there are a number in this county. In the floor is a circular cockpit about 9 feet in diameter, now filled and paved over. The rim of the cockpit still stands up an inch or two above the floor, and can be seen in my photograph. A pavement 2 feet 6 inches wide runs round the building, between the rim of the pit and the outer wall. Originally there was a gallery for sight-



THE COCKPIT

See letter: A Somerset Cockpit

seers, but this has been removed. It would have been reached by a flight of steps that entered the upper doorway, from outside.

The diameter of the building is 14 feet, and its height to the wall-plate is about the same. A conical thatched roof covers the place. These cockpit buildings appear to be rare, and I doubt if many of them are now existing.

Another example, very like the one here described, may be seen at Jayne's Court, Bisley, near Stroud, Gloucestershire.—ETHELBERT HORNE (Rt. Rev. Abbot), *Downside Abbey, Bath.*

### THE NELSON MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S

SIR,—Until a short time ago York, the birthplace of John Flaxman, R.A., could not lay claim to the possession of a single example of his art. This defect has now been made good by the presentation to the Corporation of three admirable drawings by him for sculptured monuments.

The most important of these is a preliminary sketch for a group for the Nelson monument in St. Paul's. This drawing was previously unrecorded, and its recent discovery has a special interest at the present moment in view of the celebration, on last Sunday, October 21, of the 140th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The drawing, which measures 10 by 6½ inches, shows a full-length female figure with arm outstretched, wearing a mural crown, and two boys standing beside her. She represents the City of London pointing out for the admiration and emulation of her sons the glories of the Navy, the boys depicted being London lads, possibly in training for a sea career under the auspices of the Marine Society.

In the finished monument the figure symbolising the City of London is replaced by Britannia, who calls the attention of the boys to the figure of Nelson, and one of the boys is shown holding a sextant. The change, Sir Geoffrey Callender suggests, was probably made on its being pointed out to Flaxman that the example of patriotism set by Nelson was applicable to all boys rather than to London boys alone and therefore

that Britannia would be a more suitable figure than that of the City of London.

A similar, more finished, sketch for this part of the monument to Nelson is recorded in Laurence Binyon's catalogue of English drawings in the British Museum. Carried out in pen and a wash of Indian ink, this sketch lacks the spontaneity and purity of outline of the earlier pencil drawing here reproduced.

Valuable information concerning the Nelson monument was brought to light by the discovery in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum (published in 1940 by Mr. E. Croft-Murray in the *Walpole Society's Annual*) of an account book of John Flaxman, which records the sum paid to him for the monument. It runs as follows:

The Lords of the Treasury.

1807 Received

2100£ on

account

Dec. 14. of 6300£ for

a Monument

to Viscount

Nelson in St. Pauls.

1815 Recd on Visc Nelson's

Monument 2100£ second

payment.

1818 Received 2100£ the last

payment on Admiral Visc

Nelson's Monument.

Of the two other drawings included in the gift, one has been identified by Mr. F. J. B. Watson, from documents at the Admiralty, as a project for an elaborate sculptured monument to Captain Ralph Willett Miller, one of the most distinguished of Nelson's captains. It was not, however, eventually carried out, from lack of funds, and his monument by Flaxman in St. Paul's, is one of those in relief above the groups of statuary.



PRELIMINARY SKETCH BY JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A., FOR A DETAIL OF THE NELSON MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S

See letter: The Nelson Monument in St. Paul's

The third drawing, a sketch for a memorial to a schoolmaster, represents three boys with books entitled *Cicero*, *Homer*, *Law* and *Medicine*. It is a preliminary study for the figures of schoolboys introduced into the Warton monument in Winchester cathedral and that to John Lyon in Harrow church. In my letter on the memorial at Harrow in your issue of October 5 I state that the sketch for the Winchester memorial is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is actually in the British Museum.

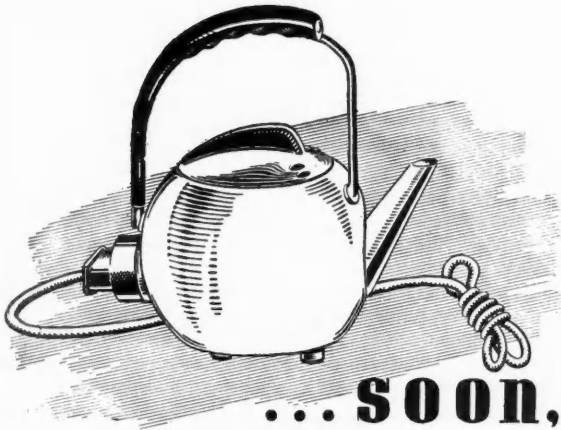
The donor of the fine drawings by Flaxman, now at York, is Mr. E. Peter Jones, of Chester.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, 25, Campden Grove, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.8.

### BEN MARSHALL: A SELF-PORTRAIT

The picture illustrated here and known as *A Sportsman with a Pointer*, by Ben Marshall, was among those offered recently at Christie's and was purchased for £2,520 by Mr. Walter Hutchinson, who intends to add it to the already considerable collection of paintings of such subjects with which he has offered to endow the proposed National Gallery of British Sport. The picture came to the auction rooms from an anonymous source, but is known to have been sold for £127 in the Edward Balfour of Balbirnie Sale at Christie's in 1907. It measures 27½ ins. by 36 in., and is dated 1799. It has been identified by authorities as a self-portrait of the artist, painted when he was 32 years of age.







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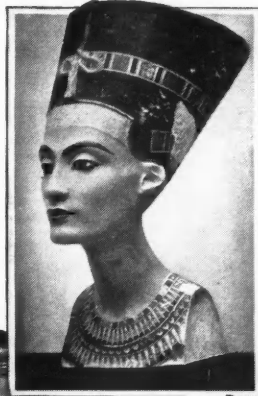
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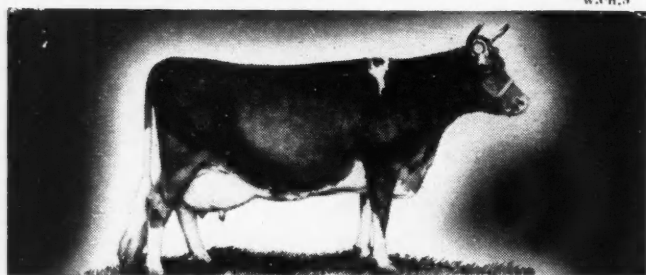
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## FARMING NOTES

# WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES

UNTIL this year members of the War Agricultural Committees have kept a close watch on the cropping of each farm. Each member of a District Committee was responsible for about 50 farms and if he did his job properly, as most of them did, he paid a visit to each farm at least twice a year to make sure that the priority crops were being grown in due proportion. Wheat, potatoes and sugar-beet were the crops that mattered most during the war years. Indeed until now in some counties, the required wheat acreages as well as potatoes and sugar-beet were covered by cropping directions. I was sorry to hear from one District Committee member that he has stopped visiting the farms on his list. He has no idea how many acres of wheat they will grow for 1946. He assumes that they will grow the same acreages of potatoes and sugar-beet because all the farmers in his county are getting compulsory directions to grow the same acreages of these crops as they did in 1945. I do not regret at all the greater freedom of cropping which is now being allowed. Some farms were being overdone with wheat, which is the most exhausting of the cereals. But it is a pity that these personal visits should cease. They prove particularly valuable in keeping laggard farmers up to the mark.

### Help Against Handicaps

A FRIENDLY discussion on the reasons for poor crops and enabled the District Committee member to help the farmer to overcome his particular handicaps. It may be that one of his fields needed some extra potash or an application of lime; work on the arable land may have got behind because the one tractor on the farm was worn out and should be replaced. The Committee member could then back the farmer's application for a new tractor. It may be that one of the fields on the farm was waterlogged and ditches needed to be cleaned out on the adjoining farms as well as this particular farm in order to get the water away. In such matters personal visits by Committee members often paid good dividends.

### The Committees' Future

THERE is, of course, nothing to prevent a Committee member going the rounds as he did in the war years, but he is usually a pretty busy man with his own farm to attend to and, feeling that he has been long enough at everyone's beck and call, the District Committee member may be excused if he slackens his supervisory efforts. Some have actually resigned from the Committees and it is not proving easy to find the right men willing to take their places. No one knows with certainty what lies ahead of the Committees. There is to be a National Advisory Service with a staff of technical officers provided by the State. Many of the officers now employed by the War Agricultural Committees will transfer to this Service. The farmer who wants advice will be able to get it in as full measure as during the war years, whatever may be the fate of the War Agricultural Committees.

### Practical Proposals

TALKING about these things the other evening two of my neighbours and I came to the conclusion that a new set-up should be started now, and the War Committees disbanded before they disintegrated.

In the stress of war, with Defence Regulations in full blast, the principle of direct appointment by the Minister to the County Executive Committees was acceptable. In practice Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who started the Committees off, and Mr. R. S. Hudson, who used them to the full, selected men who were of good repute, carrying the confidence of their fellow-farmers. But these members have had no direct affiliation to the farming industry's own organisations. This divorce cannot go on into the peace years. There would be constant friction between the industry and the Ministry if it did. We are rapidly coming to the time when farming organisations, notably the National Farmers' Union, the Central Land Owners' Association, and the two farm-workers' Unions, should be given some direct responsibility for providing the Committees, which will have a big influence on farming whether they are appointed in connection with the new Advisory Service or whether they become the heirs of the present Executive Committees.

### Clearing Up

THERE is a great deal of clearing up to be done. For instance, in every county several thousand acres are being farmed by Committees. It will take time to hand all this land back to the owners or find others who can be relied upon to farm it properly. So it seems that in the transition period from war to peace it may be necessary to have two committees—one of stalwarts drawn from the present Executives, who are public-spirited enough to carry on and help clear up the war-time enterprises, and the other nominated by farming organisations, which will work hand in hand with the new National Advisory Service. Matters cannot be left as they are to-day.

### Useful Work for Prisoners

ALL over the country there are woodlands where the timber has been felled and taken away. The lops and tops remain, fast becoming overgrown with brambles. In this wilderness rabbits flourish and do damage to cultivated land that adjoins. There is an opportunity this Winter to get these lops and tops cleared. There is some useful fire-wood in them and if this could be got to the households that will be short of fuel everyone would be pleased. Clearing woodland seems an ideal job for the many thousands of prisoners-of-war who will not be too busy once the potatoes and sugar-beet are lifted. In the West Country, where a large part of the main potato crop has already been lifted and little beet is grown, there is already a surplus of prisoners in some camps who are not wanted for purely farm work. There is talk of their being put on to road-making as well as preparing sites for the houses which we hope will appear one day. Some of the prisoners should certainly be earmarked for clearing these derelict woodlands. At the present price which fire-wood fetches they would earn their keep. The rule has so far stood that labour under the control of the War Agricultural Committees can be used only for farming jobs and clearing woodlands is not counted as one of these. This rule should now be altered. There is also a good deal of dead timber in the hedgerows and plantations which should come out this Winter. Dead timber does not make ideal fire-wood, but a great many people would be glad to have it.

CINCINNATUS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

HEWELL GRANGE  
FARM-PURCHASE PLAN

**I**N some of its details the scheme announced for the disposal of Hewell Grange, Lord Plymouth's Worcestershire estate of 5,500 acres, may differ from other schemes of conjoint purchase, but in principle it is not without precedents.

The formal announcement sent us is as follows:

The Earl of Plymouth has agreed to sell the Hewell Estate to four tenant farmers on the estate, who have given an undertaking that all farm tenants who desire to purchase their holding shall be given the opportunity of doing so. It is also a condition of the sale that pensioners living on the estate shall be allowed to continue to occupy their present cottages on the same conditions of tenancy as now prevail. The Hewell estate extends to about 5,500 acres but Hewell Grange, the park, the gardens and certain cottages (an area of about 112 acres) are not included in the sale. Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood and Mathews (Birmingham) are the agents for the purchasers.

It may be hoped that the "opportunity" open to the rest of the tenants will be on fair and liberal terms. As a financial operation the purchase scheme is of considerable magnitude; if local reports say truly it is in the region of £250,000. The progress of the project will be watched with eager interest by owners and tenants everywhere, and, provided it proves entirely acceptable to all parties, it may serve as an encouragement to powerful investing bodies to facilitate something of the same kind when new occasions arise.

## CLIFFORD'S INN: NEW OWNERS

**I**N the last 40 years or so there has been a series of transactions affecting the future of Clifford's Inn. The late Mr. William Willett, originator of "daylight saving," bought the freehold in 1903, and in 1921 it was offered for sale after his death. Various dealings, recorded in the next few years, included the sale of the mediæval Hall and some adjacent houses for £27,500. Then for some time the Hall became the meeting-place of the Society of Knights Bachelor. In 1934 an investment company acquired the Inn, and redevelopment was contemplated. No long delay ensued before a great block of premises was built in place of what had been a number of old and rather pleasant private houses and offices. The Legal and General Assurance Society has now purchased the freehold. The buyers' offices in Chancery Lane are close by, on the site of Old Serjeants' Inn.

The Inns of Chancery were mainly for lawyers who specialised in the drafting of writs. Clifford's Inn thrived on the formalities and exactions of a legal system which is known to laymen through Jarndyce v. Jarndyce. It was granted by Edward II as the London house of the Lords Clifford. It was let to the lawyers in the reign of Edward III, and is the oldest of the abolished Inns of Chancery. In its Hall Sir Matthew Hale and 17 other judges sat after the Great Fire of London to adjudicate on the claims of landlords and tenants of destroyed property, fixing boundaries and so forth, and their findings fill 40 folio volumes. The Hall is excluded from the sale.

## BILSINGTON PRIORY BOUGHT IN

**T**HE late Lord Justice Luxmoore's Bilsington Priory estate of 73 acres, on the fringe of Romney

Marsh, came under the hammer of Mr. Alfred J. Burrows, the joint agents being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at Ashford. The house was designed in 1906 by the late Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., and the agricultural portion of the property has buildings that were erected at a cost of £10,000 to house the herd of pedigree Shorthorns that was formed by the late Mr. R. J. Balston. Lord Justice Luxmoore bought Bilsington Priory in 1929. The woodlands carry timber valued at £8,650, and though this was included in whatever might be bid for the property, offers were half-hearted, and when they reached £15,000 Mr. Burrows withdrew the property, remarking that the bids were totally inadequate.

Three "redundant" rectories were then submitted. Ruckinge Old Rectory evoked bidding up to £2,920, which Mr. Burrows said he would accept, subject to written confirmation from the vendor that he would sell at that figure. Orlestone Rectory remained for sale after bids to £2,850, and the war-damaged and requisitioned Old Romney Rectory changed hands at £1,060. The auction hall was packed with people, many of whom seemed to have come merely for amusement.

Another parsonage, Chillenden Rectory in over 2 acres of old-fashioned gardens, near Adisham and a few miles from Deal, will be sold with possession, at Canterbury on October 20, by Messrs. Geering and Colyer. The house is to be renamed.

RESIDENTIAL FREEHOLDS  
SELLING READILY

**T**HE average price of over a dozen country freeholds, within easy reach of London, that have been sold by Harrods Estate Offices in the past fortnight is just over £7,750. These properties, mainly with a few acres of pleasure grounds, are among more than 30 of the same type that Mr. Frank D. James, the professional head of the Offices, has disposed of in one month, and some of the prices are well above £10,000. In one or two cases the sales have included the furniture, a very welcome chance for a good many people who want a country house, for furniture is hardly to be bought anywhere at any price, and where it is already in a house the cost and trouble of removal is obviated. The fact that many of the pieces in the ordinary roomy country house are too large to suit a small London house or flat reconciles some owners to accepting an all-round offer for the freehold and the equipment.

MERTON COLLEGE FARMS  
SOLD

**F**OR Merton College, Oxford, 1,366 acres of farms in and near Princes Risborough were sold at High Wycombe, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, for a total of £39,350. Prices included Brimmers Farm, 257 acres, £6,000; Culverton Farm, 331 acres, £7,000; and Wardrobes Farm, 332 acres, £9,250. The Old House, in Princes Risborough, realised £3,200.

Having sold Grendon Hall, a small Queen Anne residence, Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff held a sale of the contents of the Northamptonshire property, prices including: a Royal Worcester floral decorated breakfast and tea service, 75 guineas; wing easy chair on cabriole legs, 50 guineas; and a Queen Anne walnut pedestal table (fitted 5 drawers and cupboard), 120 guineas.

ARBITER.



Painted by Rupert Shephard.

**OLIVE HERMAN** is a woman of a type most valuable in industry — one who combines dexterity with exactitude and the capacity for taking pains. Born in Birmingham, she entered a metal factory at the age of eighteen, and started making tools. She showed such skill and aptitude for fine work that she soon became an expert in the craft of tool finishing. She is employed in making the dies and punches with which are pressed or drawn a wide range of metal articles — from cartridge cases and bullets to lipstick holders, from petrol lighters to zip fasteners. The tools are first formed roughly to size on capstan lathes and then hardened — a process which usually distorts them. It is Miss Herman's job to correct that distortion and finish the tools exactly to the size and form required. This finishing is true precision work — that is often to limits of a thousandth of an inch (a quarter the thickness of a £1 note) or even closer. Miss Herman does the work on a machine fitted with a high-speed grinding wheel and her expertness lies in her sensitiveness of touch on the controls — the delicacy with which she brings wheel and tool into contact. All the time she must watch her speed of grinding which long experience has taught her to estimate by the shower of sparks as the wheel cuts into the steel. She must avoid overheating the steel and so spoiling its temper, and she must make constant micrometer measurements of her progress. But, most of all, it is the musician-like sensitiveness which lies in her finger-tips which tells her how much pressure to apply and for how long to apply it. During the war Miss Herman has made hundreds of the tools needed for producing cartridge cases for the fighting services but that has not been all her contribution. She has trained scores of others in the simpler elements of her craft and in so doing has proved herself as good a teacher as a technician. It is her satisfaction that her skill and knowledge now flow through many more sets of fingers than her own.



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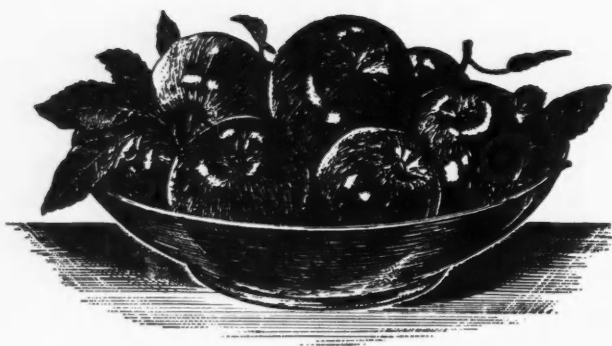
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### NEW BOOKS

## A MID-VICTORIAN HISTORY

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

**M**R. C. E. VULLIAMY some years ago discovered a new and interesting fashion of constructing a book. You find an old oak chest or some such thing, stuffed with family papers, make yourself the "editor" of them—and there you are! It is easy to see what fun can be got out of this, but it has its dangers, too. The chief danger is of making the "discovered" papers merely a vehicle for expressing one's own opinion of an age. Now it is in the nature of any age to live by the light of such reason as God has given it, tempered by a concatenation of contemporary prejudices, follies, conventions and what not. To a later age, these appear as what they are, but they do not so appear to those who live under their sway. The great danger of Mr. Vulliamy's method is to forget this, and to make, in all sorts of subtle ways, comment from our own point of view upon an attitude to life in relation to which that point of view is irrelevant. Such comment may fittingly come from a writer who is *examining* a past period; but not from one who purports to be *presenting* it.

### 1854-1856

I felt that this danger grew upon Mr. Vulliamy with successive books, and all but destroyed the interest of the last one. Whether by some happy chance or by a giving of thought to the matter, it has disappeared from his new volume *Edwin and Eleanor* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), which presents the "family documents" of the Bryhdol-Packings for the years 1854-56.

Here he has put up on his desk the notice that should never be absent from the mind of the writer of this sort of book: "Keep Out. This means You." He has left the Bryhdol-Packings, their friends, relatives and servants, to tell their own tale in their own contemporary idiom, by means of diaries and letters. Thus he has thrown upon these people the responsibility of standing in their own right, creating their native social atmosphere, with no help or comment from the author (or so it appears to the reader) which is as it should be.

It is a story of a comfortably-off young couple, just married, he with no profession save a bit of amateur dabbling in painting, she with a passion for creating a wild and woolly world of the imagination in which fairies, knights and lovely ladies in distress move through a swirl of luscious words. The extracts from this book on which Eleanor spends so much of her spare time are deeply revealing; and when Guy Trequharne appears on the scene—another wealthy idle young man, with a semi-invalid wife—Eleanor's fancies become rationalised in a passion for him

which, for a long time, she will not admit, even to herself, to be what it is. That is, what the language of the time would doubtless have called a guilty passion.

Putting it briefly, the theme of the book is the emergence of the passion for Guy into the light of day, its growth under the stress of all sorts of circumstances to proportions that even Eleanor herself cannot fail to recognise. She packs up and goes off to live with Guy.

The strength of Mr. Vulliamy's book is that he has kept our own time and our own view-point out of this matter and shown it under its Victorian aspect of a social and emotional tornado. He has filled in his background with a rich assortment of characters, some of them old enough to carry reminiscence back to the Regent,

Nelson and Lady Hamilton. So, superimposed on his painting of one age, there is, most successfully carried out, the patina of another, even more remote.

Some of the letters have delightful stuff. Here is Miss Delia Dognose on Mrs. Trequharne whom she doesn't like: "I have my doubts, dear Prudy, I have my doubts. There is something about the woman, you know; and when there is something about a woman it is better to be careful."

### INNER CONFLICT

Edwin himself, confiding to his diary the conflict between pride in his Puritan ancestry and hot tendencies of the flesh, writes: "There are times when I like to think of James Kirkenshaw, who led a squadron of horse at Naseby; and there are times when I find him inconvenient."

There is a fine contemporary Blimp, too—General Sir Tate Kirkenshaw. His letters are a joy: "We have too much, far too much, of what is known as free thinking. A pretty mess the country would soon be in if we all sat down and began to think. No, no; we expect every man to do his duty; and the less he thinks about it the better."

The book is altogether both readable and revealing, showing Mr. Vulliamy to be at last in complete command of his method.

I always approach with a mental shrinking any record of the life of a saint. Let us give Miss E. M. Almedingen her due and admit that in *Dom Bernard Clements* (John Lane, 8s. 6d.) she writes without equivocation: "Dom Bernard was no saint. . . . Yet it almost seems as if he had expected some degree of sainthood to be a *sine qua non* of his monastic profession." Dom Bernard appears from this book to have been a good man. Whether the life of a good man, not, so far as I could make out, greatly distinguished from the lives of many



other good men, needs treatment of such particularity I am not sure.

### RUSSIAN SAINT

The failure to make clear any outstanding property in a life is, on the one hand, a cause of my approaching such books with a certain timidity; and on the other there are the qualities we find in Iulia de Beausobre's *Flame in the Snow* (Constable, 10s.). This is the life of a Russian monk, named Serafim, who died in 1883 and was canonised in 1903. When he was a child his mother took him up the tower of a church and he fell over into the street below. He was found without a scratch and explained: "I fell, but the Queen of the Skies spread her cloak under me and we floated down, like kites when the wind drops."

Other such events are recorded in the life of Serafim, and, though the life is so recent, one is hard put to it to say where the superstitions of a backward countryside end and the facts begin.

The lives of these two men were lived on different levels. Serafim withdrew for many years from the ways of men, shutting himself up in a hut in the forest, mortifying the flesh, and entering into a mystic sense of oneness with God. His food was enough to keep a mouse alive, and his clothing in the depth of a Russian Winter was next to nothing. The people came to him and he taught them. "All barriers between the world of matter and the world of spirit were lifted. He saw them playing into each other, interweaving and, sometimes, clashing. Often his anxiety was great. He saw the way of righting things, but had to leave it to men to follow his guidance or refuse it. Man's spirit is free, and must not be fettered or coerced."

That gets to the heart of the thing; and that is why my mind shies away from miracle, which seems to me just such an intervention as the saint here recognises to be inadmissible.

### DOM BERNARD CLEMENTS

Dom Bernard Clements's life was very different from Serafim's. He was a schoolmaster, curate, scout-leader, padre in a warship, vicar of a Portsmouth parish where he heartily kept open house, loving to eat and drink in company, to smoke his pipe over a flutter at bridge and attend the local music-hall.

He seems to have surprised his friends when, being more than 40 years old, he decided to enter an Anglican abbey. He was there for a year, doing odd jobs in byre and stable, garden and kitchen. There is, of course, no especial virtue in that. Plenty of people fit such things naturally enough into their busy lives.

When, his year was up and his "profession" had taken place, his Order—the Benedictine—used him for a time taking "retreats" and preaching up and down the country, and he still liked to read his Edgar Wallace. In 1926 he was sent to West Africa as Rector of a theological college and made himself well liked among the Africans.

This lasted for about five years, and a few years before the recent war broke out Dom Bernard Clements became Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, where he gave himself with great vigour to the work of the church's famous choir of boys. "From the very beginning," writes the author, "his intuition told him that the Choir School was All Saints."

The war laid a heavy stress upon

Father Clements, and in the midst of it he went to Cornwall for a holiday and died there, ending in the quietude of coast and sea what had been a life spent almost exclusively amid the busy thronging ways of men.

### BOGIES OF THE MIND

The life is worth reading. It is the life of a good man, and one is troubled by a feeling that Miss Almedingen has used it to whip a few bogies of her own mind: the Roman claim to be the only Catholic Church, the depreciation of "the heroic endeavour of the Tractarians who never parcelled out the Faith into little bundles neatly tied with ribbons borrowed from Rome!" and so forth.

For my part, I am content to let these "ribbons," and her own, lie in the dust, and be thankful for anyone of whom it may be said, in Hardy's simple phrase: "He was a good man and he did good things."

### AN ATLANTIC RECORD

TO some temperaments the grasping of "this nettle danger" is the quickening experience that makes life worth while—some have even found in that something to write in on the credit side for the war, but adventures are to the adventurous as M. Marin-Marie's recently published book *Wind Aloft—Wind Below* (Peter Davis, 16s.) goes to show. His adventures, told here, were only possible because the world, when he undertook them, was at peace, and were adventures that only a man possessed of certain means, knowledge and physique could have encompassed, but the saying holds true in different degrees for all of us. Marin-Marie is the professional signature of M. M.M. Durand de St. Front, whose marine paintings have long delighted connoisseurs; several of them reproduced in this volume are distinguished, even in black and white, not only for their draughtsmanship and their evocation of atmosphere but, in some cases, for an impression of rapid movement of ships, sea, clouds, such as is not often conveyed.

"Messing about in boats" seems to have been an early habit with this artist-author. He served for seventeen months as an A.B. in the Polar research vessel *Pourqui Pas*, and it is easy to understand how in such a man the desire to sail on long voyages alone might begin to stir. This book is the story of his two trips across the Atlantic alone, first from France to New York in the *Winnibelle* by sail, and then from New York to France in the *Avielle*, a power boat; two journeys that constitute a nautical record.

It is not, however, the record-making or breaking side of the story which is most important; it is the power with which it is told, its lack of affectation, its deep technical knowledge, its frankness and humanity. M. Marin-Marie is one more of the many instances of writers who are also painters and *vice versa*; when to that is added the necessary physical power and mental resolution such exploits as his and such an account of them as his become possible. His work will be of practical interest to all yachtsmen, but you need have nothing more than some love of sea adventure to find it most entertaining and even exciting reading. It is illustrated with many photographs, as well as the reproductions of the author's work. For some time the war prevented any connection between publisher and author, who had placed the French version of the book *Vent Dessus, Vent Dessous* in their hands in 1939. At the moment of going to press they received, almost by accident, assurance of his safety and that of his family.

S.

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# DESIGNED *for* WINTER

**G**OOD news arrives of the first of the nylon stockings to be manufactured in this country, every bit as sheer and hard-wearing as reported, in the warm sun-tan shades we have been yearning for. These were originally scheduled for the end of the year, but it has been decided that a trickle, which is all that could be hoped for by then, would cause too much heartburning and these stockings will not be released until a million pairs can be sent to the shops. These will be ready for the new coupon period in the Spring. The reason for the delay is the lack of pre-boarding machines which have had to be made especially. The stockings will be price-controlled, both fully-fashioned and seamless, and all of them are being woven on the high-grade machines. Fabrics in nylon yarns will be ready by the end of the year; some are in firm mesh woven for underwear, others look like taffeta, crêpe or velvet, and they are also being impregnated with oil for waterproofs. Nylon parachute material will be released quite shortly.

The fabrics are cool to handle but quite pleasantly so, are very strong, resilient, take the dyes well and print excellently. Nylon stockings need to be washed in cool or cold water every time they are worn, and one of the great joys is that they dry twenty times as quickly as



PHOTOGRAPH: STUDIO BUCKLEY

● Raincoat in putty-coloured waterproofed rough gabardine with wide padded shoulders, buckled belt and cuffs, and a storm bonnet with a flap to tuck in. Rahvis

● (Below) Envelope bag in cherry red, grained leather. Pigskin bag with a flap that fastens right over and two pockets inside. Both from a collection of bags at Revelation



anything you have ever had before.

The gearing of the fashion industry so that it can fill some of the depleted wardrobes of the home market, and at the same time send materials of all kinds abroad to old customers clamouring for supplies, is a complex affair bound to cause much heartburning. Both sides have got to be supplied somehow, and somehow it will be done, but this Winter is bound to see fabric shortages. This has not daunted the designer and some very pretty clothes are being shown in the collections both for export and for this country. The former have no restrictions on design, the latter any number—both contrive to look charming, though the line in many instances is radically different. Exuberant skirts, frills and knife pleats on afternoon dresses, embroidery and the new rayons for evening bring great liveliness to the export models; brilliant colour and important-looking fastenings and pockets make focal points on the slender lines of the plain designs for home. Topcoats for both are as flamboyant as big sleeves, wide hem

lines, deep unpressed pleats, wide shoulders and tiny waists can make them and suits keep their neat outline. There are more flaps, pleats and more to the hems of the coats for export, but their design is basically the same.

Digby Morton makes a royal blue tweed coat with a back flaring out like a highwayman's cape from a plain collarless neckline, a coat bought here and abroad. This coat shows the shallow back shoulder yoke that is featured everywhere on town coats and fur coats designed for London. Another tweed coat in this collection is in a wide crimson and brown herring-bone with big sleeves that can be turned back as deep cuffs and made three-quarter-length and has a round look to the shoulders.

Strassner's balloon sleeves on a charming nut-brown tweed are caught at the wrist by neat cuffs. A black town coat with tailored sleeves has a full fluted peplum front with the pockets hidden away beneath. Buttons are large and important looking and show how effectively the new plastics can be used. Navy, black and brown discs have an ice-blue